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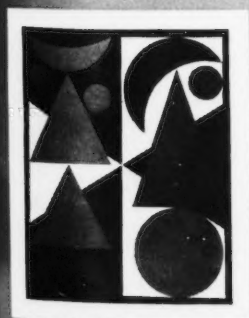
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# ARTS

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**Constructing the Absolute**

**Italian Art and Britain**

**The Evergood Retrospective**

Jean Dubuffet

chez Daniel Cordier  
Paris mai 1960

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## Contributors

Jean Louis Ferrier writes on the Paris exhibition scene this month (and next) during the current visit of our regular Paris correspondent, Annette Michelson, to New York. M. Ferrier is the regular art critic for the French journal *Les Temps Modernes*, edited by Jean Paul Sartre.

Irving Sandler, who replies in this number to Sonya Rudikoff's recent "Letter" on art criticism, is a regular staff critic at *Art News*. He is the author of a book on *Three American Sculptors*, published by the Grove Press. Miss Rudikoff has written on art for *Partisan Review*, *Hudson Review* and other journals.

Vernon Young, formerly a staff critic for ARTS in New York, has been living abroad

for the past two years. His present article comes from Stockholm. His last contribution was his essay on Rome, in October, 1959.

Jean Garrigue is the author of several volumes of poetry, the latest being *A Water Walk at Villa d'Este*, recently issued by the St. Martin's Press. She has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for poetry. Her poems and reviews appear in all the leading literary journals of this country. Readers of ARTS will recall her essay on Chartres, published in December, 1958.

George Woodcock, who reviews the latest volume in the *Oxford History of English Art*, is a Canadian author, critic and editor. He contributes to reviews throughout the English-speaking world and is currently in Europe.

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# LETTERS

## The Contradictions of Courbet

To the Editor:

Dr. Alfred Werner's *causerie* on "The Contradictions of Courbet" [March] provides much that is of interest, but the author draws conclusions that, in the interest of truth about this still-embattled master, must be challenged.

Dr. Werner writes that much of the prevailing attitude toward Courbet in his own time has suffered considerable change, which is undoubtedly true, but the legend of Courbet's inferior mentality persists, and I believe it can be traced directly to the atmosphere created about and for him at the time of his trial for treason.

Courbet's enemies vilified everything about him to bring further calumny on his associates, the Communards, and his friends tried to soften the blows about to rain upon him by making him out a simple nature boy, hardly responsible for the situation he had gotten himself into.

We know today that Courbet was innocent of the charges for which he was sent to prison and into exile, and we know what a nasty business his enemies perpetrated, but why perpetuate the legend that Courbet was stupid—especially in the field of painting, where he was a master and a knowing master?

Any painter who can explain the difference between copying and composing with nothing but a pair of dice to demonstrate his point is a painter of great intelligence, not a nitwit with golden hands whose "rustic (read peasant or farmer) instincts" were the real source of his artistic powers.

Dr. Werner's persistent reference to the saving grace of Courbet's rustic instinct brings up a very debatable point: to wit, the artistic or creative value of an artist's rustic instincts as such.

Courbet's countryman's background provided him, so much is apparent, with a powerful physique, a robust appetite, a healthy thirst and a capacity to love and appreciate full-blown women. In this respect, his instincts served him well enough. Where they failed him was in letting himself be flattered or cajoled into accepting the Commune's invitation to become the curator of the museums of Paris. I say they failed him, because a countryman's instinct is supposed to include a healthy suspicion of honors bestowed involving the recipient with so much responsibility.

When the beleaguered Spanish Republicans invited Picasso to become the curator of the museums of Spain, he thanked the emissaries from his homeland, painted the *Guernica* for them, donated sums of money for the relief of his embattled compatriots—and remained in France. Perhaps he remembered poor Courbet's experience.

Dr. Werner is quite right in recognizing that what an artist says and claims for himself is often at variance with the real creative force in him. But this force is not rustic any more than it is urban in origin. It is indeed intuitive and instinctive, through practice, but is of Art alone. The romantic theories of blood-and-soil and native rootedness (*Blut und Boden* and *Bodenstaendigkeit*) cannot explain genius or its fruits.

When we sense relationships between one artist and another we are most subjective in our appreciation. Dr. Werner feels a strong affinity between Courbet and Soutine. Another critic recently discovered, for reasons equally mysterious to this writer, a relationship between the work of Courbet and that of Philip Guston. Why not? But when Dr. Werner states that Rembrandt is Courbet's father solely on the basis of a mutual love for pastose painting, I beg to differ. Courbet's father, or fathers, are the Spaniards he studied in the old Spanish Gallery, his only school. Zurbarán, Ribera and Velásquez (see Courbet's self-portrait with

black dog) even more than Goya—the Spaniard closest in spirit to Rembrandt—are his spiritual and technical progenitors.

Dr. Werner discovers a qualitative difference between the freshness of Courbet's small paintings and his larger canvases, which to him—at least in some cases—are sketches "blown up." But Courbet also painted numerous large paintings in "one go."

Once while visiting his German colleague and friend Leibl at Munich, Courbet lunched at the local artists' club (*Kuensterhaus*) with other local masters. The question came up as to whether or not it was possible to complete a life-size nude painting in one session of three or four hours. When Courbet said he could do so, he was invited, if it pleased him, to demonstrate this feat. The party of painters repaired to Von Kaulbach's studio and set about finding a model. Since it was afternoon, none could be obtained at the model market of the Royal Academy and Von Kaulbach's cleaning woman was prevailed upon to undress and pose. There in the presence of these well-entertained artists, Courbet completed the picture before dusk.

Certainly it would be impossible to achieve such large compositions as *The Burial at Ornans* and *The Atelier*, in one session, but in his criticism of *The Atelier*, Dr. Werner is, I feel, unappreciative of the great power and sustained design of the painting, which he admits he saw only once. Delacroix, whom Dr. Werner quotes several times, felt differently. He found the composition of this picture complete, "the planes well understood . . . a masterpiece. I simply could not tear myself away from the sight of it."

The painting is not "blown up" in any sense, but is painted as a big picture. In small reproductions of the painting, the figure of the woman in the lower right-hand corner (George Sand?) always appears too large and to be falling backward and outward. Before the original, however, one does not feel that, for the figure is the entry-point of the picture and is purposely executed larger and flatter than the portrait of Baudelaire immediately on her right and the table before her.

I do not wish to join Dr. Werner in making comparisons between this painting and the Géricault *Raft of the Medusa*. But I will say that *The Atelier* is more modern in conception than the *Raft*, which in sweep and gesture relies much more on the Renaissance mechanics of the *arabesque* (even if artfully broken and interrupted) than does the Courbet, which is built and equilibrated on and through the impact of oppositions.

CARL HOLTY  
New York City

## The Author Replies

To the Editor:

1. In my article I thought I made clear that, though Courbet appeared an intolerable boor to all who met him, his works reveal him as "a mystic," with a "poetic soul, driven by demons."

2. One who, like myself, was victimized by the *Blut und Boden* and *Bodenstaendigkeit* Nazi gospel must not be accused of applying it "to explain genius or its fruits" (Mr. Holty's words). I do believe that it makes a difference whether an artist (as, for instance, Delacroix) spends his formative years in a sophisticated Parisian milieu or, as did Courbet, on a country estate, a journey of several days from Paris.

3. Why should "rustic instincts" preserve a man from politically unwise acts? Picasso was clever enough to decline an invitation from Loyalist Spain. But Picasso was born in a large city, the son of a professional artist and educator, without "rustic instincts"—and may not have needed Courbet's example to warn him.

4. To my material on the fascination Courbet exerted on Soutine, I add the voice of Soutine's lifelong friend, the painter Kikoine: "Courbet et



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## LETTERS

*Cézanne ont tous deux également une grande part dans sa formation artistique."*

5. As a young man Courbet copied pictures by Rembrandt at the Louvre; he admired Rembrandts at Amsterdam and the Hague on his first journey outside France. In Munich, at the height of his fame, he took out time to copy one of Rembrandt's self-portraits. In praising Courbet, Zola pointed to the kinship with Rembrandt.

6. Mr. Holty has misread me. I used the term "blown up" only once—in relating the small picture in the Leeds Gallery to the large painting *The Village Maidens* (Metropolitan Museum), for which it unarguably was a sketch. I prefer the sketch. So, I find, may Sir Kenneth Clark, who wrote: "His [Courbet's] best works were small celebrations of things which please the senses . . ."

7. Courbet's painting of the nude in Munich was a tour de force; there is no evidence that he "painted numerous large paintings in 'one go.'"

8. *The Atelier* is admirable in each of its many parts. But I do not believe they are as well fused as are the many details in Veronese's *Fedding at Cana* or Géricault's *Raft*.

ALFRED WERNER  
New York City

## Open Letter: Art and Race

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following open letter to the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery has been communicated by the New York Chapter of the Artists Equity Association.

March 25, 1960

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery  
Overton Park  
Memphis 12, Tennessee  
Gentlemen:

In relation to the Associated Press dispatch as reported in *The New York Times* of Wednesday, March 23, 1960: "Thirteen arrests were made today at Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, which is open to Negroes on Thursday, when white persons are excluded. Seven [Negroes] were arrested inside today and six as they stood outside."

The New York Chapter of Artists Equity Association is shocked at this state of affairs. Our museums are storehouses of art treasures of all times and periods of culture. Many of these treasures were produced by the colored peoples of the world. If the superiority of the white community rests on a built-in handicap of 6/7ths of the cultural opportunity for themselves and 1/7th for others, then both their cultural superiority and their moral position are very unsteady.

As a professional artists' organization, we hold the view that art should be disseminated in the freest way, that it is a language of the spirit that recognizes no barriers of race or color, that museums should be open to all for all to take according to their spiritual need, and not according to their color, race or religion.

Respectfully yours,

PHILIP REISMAN, President  
New York Chapter, AEA

## The Classics

To the Editor:

I was delighted to see Creighton Gilbert's first column in the April issue of ARTS. This is an area of attention and discussion which it has seemed to me has been increasingly neglected in the face of the rising tide of interest in modern art. If this is the only way in which we can revive enlightened and careful attention to the "classics," I am all for it. I hope it may betoken a trend which will extend into general editorial policy as well.

EARLE W. NEWTON, Director  
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## AUCTIONS

### Televised Sale Brings \$871,850 for Museum of Modern Art

A total of \$871,850 was realized in the Museum of Modern Art's benefit sale of April 27. The auction, held in New York at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, was televised by closed-circuit network to bidding audiences in Chicago, Los Angeles and Dallas.

Of the fifty modern works donated specifically for the benefit auction, Cézanne's *Apples* brought the highest price, \$200,000. Donated by the Ambassador to Belgium, William A. M. Burden, and Mrs. Burden, the painting went to an undisclosed purchaser, rumored to be Alfred H. Barr, Jr., director of the Modern's collections. Braque's *Composition: The Violin*, donated by Governor Rockefeller, was bought for \$145,000 by the Iolas Gallery acting in behalf of a New York private collector.

### School of Paris in Coming Sale at Parke-Bernet Galleries

SCHOOL OF PARIS artists hold pre-eminence in Parke-Bernet's featured art sale for the month of May, an evening session scheduled for May 18. Included are two paintings by Soutine, *Les Fleurs* and *Le Poulet Mort*, Utrillo's *La Tour Eiffel*, works by Léger, notably his *Composition au Panier*, and paintings by Renoir, Marie Laurencin, Valtat and Marchand. In the group of sculptures are pieces by Rodin, Maillol and Bourdelle, and the drawing category presents papers by Braque, Derain, Signac, Matisse, Vlaminck and Dufy.

Works in the sale of May 18 will be on public exhibition from May 14 at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue.

### Spring Auction Sales Establish New Records in Britain

THE current auction season in London has seen a number of important sales in which new records have been established. Most publicized of the season's transfers is Sotheby's sale of Gainsborough's *Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andrews*, which went to Agnew's for £130,000, or \$364,000. In the same sale, on March 23, Canaletto attained a new record, his *View of S. Giorgio Maggiore* going for £32,000.

Notable in the present series of important English auctions is Christie's coming sale, on May 20, of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, the property of Mrs. J. J. Astor, Mr. Hans Neuman, Mrs. G. Rockmore Davis, the late Sir Walter Fletcher and others. The catalogue brings together a remarkable group of works by Boudin, Chagall, Corinth, Corot, Daubigny, De Chirico, Dufy, Forain, Gauguin, Gris, Kokoschka, Matisse, Modigliani, Monet, Permeke, Pissarro, Picasso, Renoir, Signac and Utrillo.

### AUCTION CALENDAR

**May 5**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Pre-Columbian art, including gold, silver and other ornaments, pottery, stone and other artifacts of Mexico, Peru and Ecuador, collected by various owners, including James A. Ewing and a Westchester private collector. Exhibition now.

**May 6 & 7**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Queen Anne and Georgian furniture, Stuart and Georgian silver, Chinese porcelains, Renaissance bronzes, Aubusson and other carpets. Part II in sale from the collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. Exhibition now.

**May 11**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Judaica, property of various owners. Silver and gold ritual objects, bronze, brass and pewter candelabra and Hanukkah lamps, a bronze bust by Epstein, paintings and drawings of Jewish subjects. Exhibition from May 7.

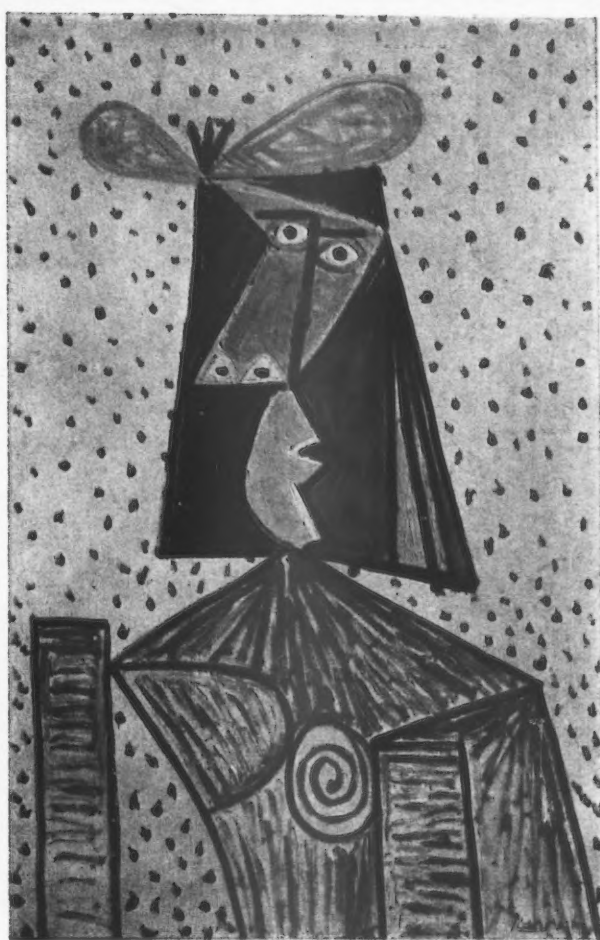
**May 12**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Egyptian, Greek and Roman art, old-master paintings and drawings, Gothic and Renaissance art, arms and armor, from the collection formed by the late Georg Swarzenski, Brookline, Mas-

sachusetts, sold by order of his wife, Marie Swarzenski, and from other sources. Exhibition from May 7.

**May 13 & 14**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture, bronzes, tapestries, rugs and other decorations, from the estate of the late Lillian S. Timken, and other sources. Exhibition from May 7.

**May 18**, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern paintings, drawings and sculptures, from various owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from May 14.

**May 31**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Old-master and modern prints, from the estate of the late Martin L. Strauss, II, and other owners. Among the early masters are examples of the etched work of Rembrandt, including the *Three Trees*, and Dürer's *Knight, Death and the Devil*. Also an extensive group of Whistler's Venetian subjects, McBey's *Camel Patrol* and Bellows' *A Stag at Sharkey's*. Prints by Bonnard, Braque, Buffet, Chagall, Cézanne, Dufy, Erni, Léger, Matisse, Miró, an extensive series by Picasso, and several by Redon, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec. Exhibition from May 24.



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## PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



William C. Seitz



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Agnes Mongan



Albert Terris

William C. Seitz (above), who directed and installed the current Monet exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, has been appointed Associate Curator of the Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions. Mr. Seitz, a professor of art at Princeton University, will join the Museum staff on September 1. A graduate of the University of Buffalo and Princeton, Mr. Seitz is an artist as well as a teacher, and has published articles on art in various journals in this country. He is at present writing a book on abstract painting in the United States.

The National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters have announced the recipients of awards that will be conferred at the Joint Annual Ceremonial to be held in New York on May 25. This year's Brunner Award of the National Institute, given to an architect who has contributed to architecture as an art, will be received by Louis I. Kahn (above). The Philadelphia architect, who is the designer of the Yale Art Gallery, will receive a citation and prize of \$1,000. The National Institute of Arts and Letters Grants of \$1,500 each include five painters and two sculptors: painters Marvin Cherney, Chen Chi, Eugene Ludins, George Tooker and Walter Williams, and sculptors Rhoda Sherbell and Harold Tovish. May Swenson, a contributor to *Arts Yearbook 3*, is among the three poets to receive grants. The Institute's Rosenthal Award for Painting will be given to Ann Steinbrocker of New York. This new award will be conferred yearly on a younger painter; it carries a prize of \$1,000.

Miss Agnes Mongan (above), Curator of Drawings and Assistant Director of the Fogg Museum of Art, will become the Martin A. Ryerson Lecturer on the Fine Arts at Harvard University on July 1. Miss Mongan, an authority on the master drawings of Italy and France, is widely known as a lecturer and has had a part in organizing a number of brilliant drawing shows, among them the Rembrandt exhibition currently at the Fogg. Harvard also announces the appointment of Benjamin Rowland, Jr., as its first Gleason Professor of the Fine Arts. Dr. Rowland is an authority on the art of ancient India and modern America, and is a painter as well as an art critic and historian. He has been on the Harvard faculty since 1928, and was Miss Mongan's predecessor as Ryerson Lecturer. The new professorship honors the family of the late Emmet B. Gleason, Rochester businessman and art collector.

The sculptor Albert Terris (above) won the top award in the recent Brooklyn and Long Island

Artists Exhibition for his steel sculpture *Nature Machine*. Other winners include the painters Charles Schucker, George McNeil, Walter Murch and Justin Schorr, and sculptors George Koras, William King and Walter Erlebacher. The exhibition, held biennially at the Brooklyn Museum, this year included 140 works selected from 1,500 paintings, drawings, prints and sculptures submitted.

The Guggenheim Fellowship Awards for 1960 have been announced by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. Three hundred and three scholars and artists received awards totaling \$1,400,000. Painters who received the fellowships are Elias Friedensohn, Byron Burford, William Pachner, Ulfert Wilke, David Aronson, Yutaka Ohashi and Donald S. Bloom. The sculptors include Kahlil Gibran, Seymour Lipton and Jordan Steckel. Printmakers Harold Altman, Howard Bradford, John Paul Jones and Leonard Edmondson also received fellowships. Awards for special studies related to the arts were given to George Warren Rickey and Gyorgy Kepes. Art-historical studies will be furthered through grants to S. Lane Faison, Jr., Dr. Jay Richard Judson, Dr. Paul A. Clement, Ann Hitchcock Holmes, Alexander Eliot and Dr. José Lopez-Rey. Jean Garrigue, a frequent contributor to ARTS, is one of the poets who have received grants.

Hobson Pittman, painter and lecturer on art at the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia, has been awarded the 1960 Brevoort-Eickemeyer Prize in painting. The jury for the 135th Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York chose his *Interior with Flowers* for this award, which carries a prize of \$500.

### NEWS NOTES

Valuable property adjacent to the Museum of Modern Art on 53rd Street in New York has been deeded to the Museum by the owner, Mrs. F. Parmalee Prentice. The gift, subject to her lifetime possession and control, considerably enlarges plans for future expansion of the Museum.

The only invitational part of the art exhibitions at the Ninth Annual Boston Arts Festival, which will open on June 3, will be an exhibition of works by members of the all-artist jury for the competitions. Two works by each member will be installed in the Public Garden. The artists are Loring Coleman, Jr., Fannie Hillsmith, Gyorgy Kepes, Walter Meigs, Richard Ziemann, Richard Filipowski, Mirko and Henry Rox.

Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., has announced two major changes in policies governing the Gallery's competitive exhibitions. The changes affect the national Biennial of Contemporary American Painting and the area exhibition, open to artists who live within fifty miles of Washington.

The changes in policy for the Biennial of Contemporary American Painting reduce the considerable expense which artists from all parts of the country have previously suffered in submitting entries. Henceforth entries will not be sent to the gallery. Instead, the artists will submit color transparencies, giving the dimensions of the works, and a detailed account of the medium used. As in the past, there will be both juried and invited works. All selected works will then be juried for awards. The policies regarding prizes will remain the same. A first prize of \$2,000, a second prize of \$1,500, a third prize of \$1,000 and a fourth prize of \$500, made possible through the bequest of Senator William A. Clark, will be awarded. The next Biennial of Contemporary American Painting will be held in January and February of 1961, and color transparencies will be accepted no later than October 14.

To increase local artists' incentive for entering the Corcoran's area exhibition, cash awards will be given to winners in all sections, and any excess of income over expenses will be used for buying works from the exhibition for the Gallery's permanent collection.

In view of the recently enlarged exhibition facilities at the Corcoran, the area exhibition will be held biennially instead of annually, alternating with the national exhibition. The Gallery feels that in this way local artists will be better able to submit new and original works. The next area exhibition is scheduled for January, 1962.

Dr. John R. Frazier, president of the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, has announced a European center in Italy for an overseas honors program for senior visual-arts students. The program, made possible by a grant of \$75,000 from the Carnegie Corporation, is believed to be the first overseas program to be established for superior students in the visual arts in the United States. The center will be established in Perugia or Siena, and will receive its first students in September. Dr. Frank J. Deignan, dean of students and professor of psychology at the college, has been named director of the European Honors Program. Each year in May, twenty juniors and graduate students from all divisions of the college will be chosen by the School of Design faculty to spend a year in Italy. The first semester of study includes courses in Italian language and culture at an Italian university, studio and seminar courses at the center, and a three-week to one-month "home visit" with Italian families arranged through the Experiment in International Living. The customary senior thesis presentation will be the result of work on a tutorial basis during the second semester with a recognized designer in the student's specialized field. At the end of the year, the student's work will be submitted to the Providence faculty, and he may, if he wishes, choose to receive his degree *in absentia*. The tuition and board fee will be the same as that for the Providence campus, and will include all travel expenses. Dr. Deignan and Samuel F. Hershey, professor of design and chairman of the Freshman Foundation at the school, will be the faculty members in residence.

#### OBITUARY

The painter **Fernando Alvarez**, director of the Prado Museum, died in Madrid on March 17 at the age of eighty-five.



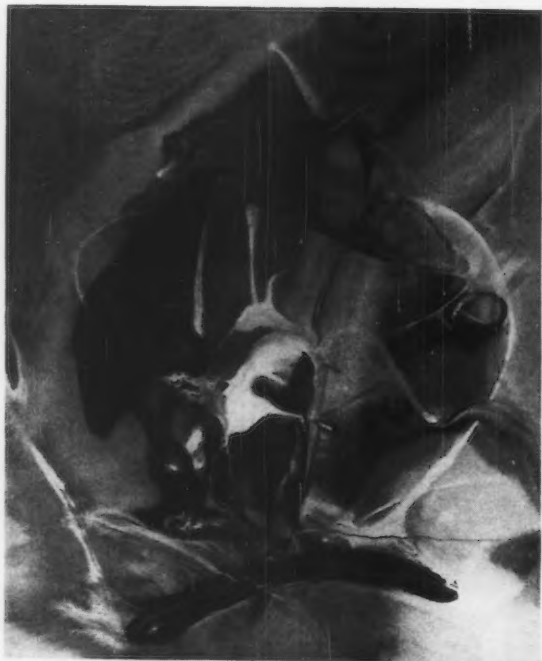
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Recent Paintings

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# THE CLASSICS

The game of Who Is the Old Master of the Year . . . Pierino del Vaga . . . a new slant on Mannerism . . .

NO RULES have been circulated for the game of Who Is the Old Master of the Year, but it is being played all the time. It's clear that, if the game is to work, there must be a handicap. Otherwise the winner would always be somebody like, last year for instance, Rubens, with that auction record and the two rival big books of drawings. On the assumption that it must be someone who had been little observed before, the prize for 1959 must go to Pierino del Vaga, of all people. He has turned up in the leading magazines in America (*Art Bulletin*, by Bernice Davidson), England (*Burlington*, by John Gere), Italy (*Emporium*, by Giuliano Frabetti) and in the very international volume of essays presented to the late William Suida (by Piero Torriti). Since French journals have never been high in the running and German ones are just about to begin to be again, he has been simultaneously exposed to specialists in all the major centers, like the *première* of *On the Beach*. Judging by the footnotes offered by these writers and other tests, there have been only two other essays about him in the last twenty years, so that there is a small Pierino del Vaga phenomenon to consider. It turns out that this small artist stands at the junction of several big drives in current taste.

The writers are all little known and, in professional age, young; we can use good art-historical methods in pursuing their own sources. One of the two earlier articles mentioned was by Pamela Askew, in 1956. This had originally started out, like so many, many things, as a term paper, at the Institute of Fine Arts at New York University some years earlier, and for the present Miss Askew seems to remain a one-article writer, so one can fairly connect her interest with Professor Walter Friedlaender there. The other article of the two, in 1945, was by A. E. Popham of the British Museum. Friedlaender, who practically invented Mannerism as we see it, and Popham, who is the father of modern study of old drawings in an extremely unostentatious way, are originals. Neither of them has ever paid much attention to Pierino del Vaga—whose image has in fact remained a muddle—being more interested in richer artists like Pontorno and Correggio. But they have set their students to work on them, and as Friedlaender started Miss Askew, one of Popham's younger collaborators is now the older collaborator of Gere. (Nobody ever records these things; they just seem to get assumed. But I think they are interesting to a lot of people who aren't in.)

THE articles show a vast range of tone. Before going into their cautions, I would like to pay a special tribute to Miss Davidson's for two qualities, one of which points a moral to art historians and the other to people who cut off all art before 1942 or whenever it is. The first item is that she has made a great many finds, especially among drawings scattered in collections everywhere under the wrong names, which she has been able to assemble to show how the artist manipulated his problems. But she doesn't stop to say that she found them; she just uses them. The other is that the middle of the article contains a very alive (if just slightly too regularized) analysis of space-surface tension in a sixteenth-century fresco which can put to shame most of the recent naïve discoveries about push-pull

and spatial action. The pity is, most of the people who complain the *Art Bulletin* is dull won't read this. In fact, they don't at all, preferring to complain of its sterility. The only genuine source in it for their revulsion, I suspect, is the plain format; they need the intoxicant of jazzy advertising layouts as much as the middlebrows whose revulsion from modern art so incenses them.

To read Gere's article provides, first, the pleasure of watching an expert dissect a chicken. At the opposite extreme from Miss Davidson, he snaps off the inexactitudes of some older writers with final precision and obvious glee. He particularly destroys the willful vagaries of Giuliano Briganti's book on early Mannerism (which had begun by attacking Friedlaender for being too theoretical). This kind of thing, to be sure, is only easy with a minor artist. Gere's recent study of Raphael's tapestries, with a collaborator, left some pieces dangling unhappily and very obviously, and, halfway between, his long review of Frederick Hart's *Giulio Romano* tried too hard to overlay its sharp objections with generalized politeness. But here, after cutting through the frosting, one sees Gere's training and talent, for alone among the articles it gives a full image of Pierino's art in a believable relation to the feeling of his time, especially in his late years when he attempted a unique sort of decorative Michelangelism.

The other two articles seem less significant. Both by scholars in Genoa, they propose additions to his work, generally plausible, but ranging from rather grimy Madonnas to little predella panels that must be assistants' work. Torriti analyzes a composition without saying, what he certainly knows, that it is closely copied from Raphael; he is evidently trying to see his artist in a pure way. These discoveries of local art might be made and offered at any time. If they appear now, it may be the 1959 taste for Pierino, but it is also in part because of what has happened in Genoa. Following after Milan, Genoa too is now rich. The two cities have a rather meager history of culture and are buying it in a way that is oddly like J. P. Morgan's. Milan's recent purchase of the only privately owned work of Michelangelo was identical in tone and every way (except export laws) with New York's of the Mérode altarpiece. Both cities have sensational new museums, like Houston, and are training up curators who, among other things, make much of what they can find in the local past.

THE interests of Miss Davidson and Gere, however, suggest two points of stress. One is the fashion for old-master drawings, which in this country has risen fantastically in the 1950's, in museum and private collecting. Before then, one knew where all the collections were; now they are everywhere. Pierino is simply the most prolific draftsman of his age. The other is a new slant on Mannerism which I suspect has not yet been explicitly formulated. We used to understand that it began with Pontorno and with spiritual anguish, and later became elegant. Now we see that "refined" Mannerism is a twin of the other in age, and we are asking where it began. It seems to precede Parmigianino, its most serene and formal master. Is it in Giulio, we ask as we examine Hart's new book, is it in small masters in the circle of Andrea del Sarto in Florence, as Longhi has seemed to imply, can it be Pierino who invents this special human language? These answers are wrong because the invention must be the work of a great master. It is beginning to emerge that it is Raphael, whose perfect organisms, so overwhelmingly right or boring to us, have blinded us to the fact that this inexhaustible creator in his late years developed intentional unbalance, paradox and pressure. A recent article very different from these, by Kurt Badt (*Warburg Journal*), asks why on Raphael's own standards Raphael's *Fire in the*

continued on page 71

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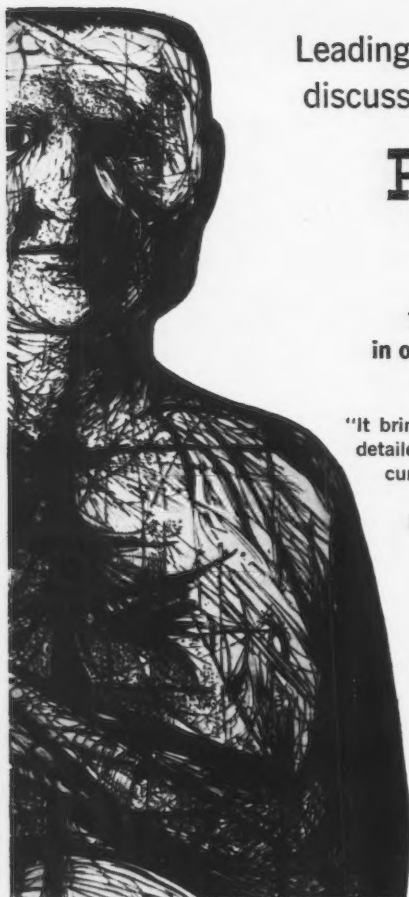
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## BOOKS

ENGLISH ART, 1800-1870, by T. S. R. Boase. Oxford University Press. \$11.50.

*English Art, 1800-1870*, is the tenth volume of the *Oxford History of English Art*. Even a quick glance through the ninety-six pages of reproductions with which it ends suggests the difficulties which writers in this series must have encountered through being obliged to deal with rather arbitrarily defined and dated periods; that which Dr. Boase now covers seems the hardest of all to bring into cohesion. Benjamin West survives into its beginning; Alma-Tadema and Leighton are moving into ascendancy by the time it ends. The intervening years are dominated by a series of massive individual figures—Blake, Constable, Turner—and by one of the very few genuinely native art movements, Pre-Raphaelitism, while in the background for decade after decade the voice of Ruskin thunders, theorizing, moralizing, defending and denouncing.

It is easy—and it was fashionable until very recently—to dismiss the rest of the period as a jungle of exuberant mediocrity from which a few exceptional minor talents can be plucked—the Norwich painters, Samuel Palmer, Bonington, Alfred Stevens. Sudden, unstable fashions have temporarily revived interest in obsessive painters of various types, like John Martin with his grandiose landscapes and William Etty with his great, soft nudes. But, despite an enhanced appreciation of the writers and thinkers of the period, and despite a craze among interior decorators for the quainter aspects of Victorian applied arts, the age as a whole has not attracted contemporary artists or contemporary writers about the arts. Even the Pre-Raphaelites have maintained their interest largely for literary reasons. And when one reads a capable historical survey like *English Art, 1800-1870*, the reasons for this neglect become fairly clear.

Dr. Boase does not seem to have been greatly deterred by the unpromising character of his material, and he only occasionally falls into the temptation to exaggerate the merits of mediocrity. But his presentation does vary a good deal in quality. In discussing painting, and particularly the Romantic phase and the water-color painters, he seems to me least satisfactory. This is partly because he feels obliged to include brief paragraphs on minor painters whom neither he nor the reader considers interesting, and this sometimes results in the catalogue style which is the great danger in comprehensive histories of art or literature. But it is also due to the fact that Dr. Boase is not really very adept at evoking the character of a painting; he is hampered by a desire to fulfill such humdrum duties of the art historian as telling us all about materials and measurements while at the same time trying to give some description of subject and mood, and the latter usually suffers. This weakness of the text makes it all the more unfortunate that the reproductions themselves do little justice to the paintings, being small, crowded, dully arranged and uniformly colorless.

On the other hand, in discussing the more social arts, Dr. Boase is often admirable and relates his subject well to the changing fashionable tastes of the time, though he neglects the considerable substratum of popular taste that belongs to the period. However, there is perhaps some justification for this, since it is mostly in public architecture and monumental sculpture that this age still lives in modern England. The popular arts survive as curios and the paintings of Landseer are stored away in gallery cellars.



but the buildings of men like Nash and Barry and Scott are still the familiar landmarks of London and of the cities of the Industrial Revolution; in many devious, associative ways they must continue to influence British artists and architects.

Dr. Boase is particularly good on Regency buildings and on the battle between the Gothic style and its rivals. He devotes an excellent chapter to the state patronage of the time, and demonstrates the mixed achievement of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which devastatingly displayed the badness of most mid-Victorian applied arts but also initiated an architectural revolution with the Crystal Palace. Finally, Dr. Boase makes the best he can of nineteenth-century statuary, and this is perhaps the one place where he consistently overpraises; despite their great technical smoothness, the marmoreal statues of the period hesitate between a lifeless classicism and a frozen sentimentality, and the best nineteenth-century sculptural work is that which retains the direct impact of the sketch and the model.

It was indeed—apart from the few really great painters—an age of good sketches and disappointing achievements. Etty is in this respect typical; his fine studies promise far more than his paintings achieve. Equally significantly, the watercolorists of the time are more consistently pleasing than the oil painters. The quick recording of a mood, the sharp insight into landscape form—these are often achieved by artists using the more rapid and fragile media. But the large Victorian painting—the long-term easel work—rarely achieves a compelling form; it disintegrates into meticulous detail, or retreats into anecdote, or at best becomes a quasi-literary symbol, an illustration to a poem. The fault lies not wholly in Victorian didacticism—Goya was a didactic painter—but in the absence of a developed plastic sense. It is this weakness of the Victorian plastic sense as opposed to the strength of the Victorian literary sensibility that suggests the most fruitful direction in which to investigate the art of this perplexing age. Why were its painters so often *poètes manqués*? This is an investigation on which—because of its strictly historical form—Dr. Boase's book hardly begins.

George Woodcock

**ITALIAN VILLAS AND PALACES** by Georgina Masson. Harry N. Abrams, Inc. \$17.50.

GEORGINA MASSON has here compiled a record, in 193 photographs, of some of the more fabulous façades of Italy, plying her camera between villa, palazzo and garden. It is on many counts a remarkable record, and in an age replete with big books of photographic splendors bids to be unique both for its learning and beauty. Photographer and author, Miss Masson is the Italian correspondent for the *Architectural Review*, and her authoritative notes that accompany the plates as well as her foreword and brief historical introductory essays to the various geographical regions of Italy contribute much to one's appreciation and understanding of these grand monuments to the Renaissance passion for the superb. One is grateful too for such details as to what architect and what painters were engaged by what pope, cardinal or banker to shape this and paint that, and for the wide range of her references relating style to style and influence to influence. Most of the illustrative examples are taken from Genoa, Venice and surrounding environs, from Ferrara, Urbino, Mantua and Florence, with masterful Rome given its due, a touch of Naples and that "swan song of the Baroque," the royal palace at Caserta, with a venture or two into Sicily (the Villa Palagonia at Bagheria), with its monsters surmounting garden walls that Goethe found so disgusting and its somewhat Dadaist taste for spikes concealed in

plump sofa cushions, chandeliers made up of broken water glasses, statues with two noses . . .

To describe the fascination of buildings can be as difficult as to describe movement. This camera seems to capture that most elusive quality of all, the living power of stony idiom, to deliver the impact of light, to realize density, the articulation of shadow and sunlight on surfaces. Such surfaces as those of the Genoese palaces with their embellished wealth of garlands, heads carved in the round, *amorini* riding out against carved swags by shutter and embossed shield . . . Or eagles with their hard-edged wings half-folded, standing with hieratic pride by pools that give their reflections back. The play of light on those flights of shallow-stepped stairways leading up to some colonnaded *cour d'honneur* and the play of level against level, ever a vital element in the action of spatial values, are given their sumptuous due also. But the book is an anthology of the extraordinary, of space squared into formidable munificence, from Roman palaces, their granite columns taken from the theater of Pompey, their stones plundered from the Colosseum, to that fantasy of Venetian Gothic, the Ca d'Oro (with its merlons and quatrefoils), founded on water, like those other Venetian great houses borrowing the pomp of Roman columns, to the astoundingly foursquare severity of the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, half-castle, half-fortress.

There are as many interior views, of the well-known frescoes painted by Mantegna in the palace at Mantua, of the frescoes by Tiepolo in the Palazzo Clerici at Milan, and studies of that passion for visual illusion, *trompe l'oeil* (a favorite feature of the Venetian country house, as is pointed out), that we see too in the Palazzo Farnesina in Rome, in Borromini's famous gallery in the Palazzo Spada in Rome and the Villa Imperiale at Pesaro, which latter too has rooms painted with pergolas and vines (even to the Daphne motif), so that the house might be linked with the surrounding gardens, just as gardens were often planned to look like open-air rooms. (The floors of one villa, Villa Cicogna, have access each to different gardens.) And when it is not the painted wall it is the gallery or *salon*, attended its long length by statues or busts of Greeks, Romans or gods, or a fireplace designed by Domenico Rosselli in the palace of Urbino, or a vaulted ceiling in the same palace, a pure crown of space ornamented with stucco. Details as of the capitals of the Doge's palace, or of paneled and gilded doors or doors in intarsia, or medallioned ceilings, are also given—and finely clarify.

Not to be overlooked are two grandiose horse stables, one at Villa Lecchi (Mortirone), where every horse stall had its statue of a classical deity and an urn poised on a column, and the other at Villa Pisani (Stra), where the images of prancing horses on columns might be said to look down on their counterparts eating hay or oats. Stables to make even Caligula's horse jealous!

Of the stately Palladian country house that exerted such far-reaching influence on English and American domestic architecture there are many examples, of the Florentine villa too, and of others, approached by long cypressed avenues or boxed round by parterres.

Not least are those studies of the cut, clipped garden itself, the Renaissance garden, paragon of all gardens with its grottoes and cascades, shade and sculpture that evoke the very genius of the place. There is that masterpiece of Vignola's design, the woods and watery courses of Villa Lente with Giambologna's statue of Pegasus (that Montaigne first saw about 1580), and the Villa Torrigiani with its innumerable surprise fountains spouting up to douse the unsuspecting—a practical joke dating, it's said, from Roman times. There are those garden courts by Lake Maggiore with open-armed figures, the head of a unicorn, white peacocks, pools brimming with water lilies.

Altogether, this book is a compendium of beau-

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## BOOKS

ties, as able with the rich rhetoric of architecture as with the language of cypressed perspectives and sunlight slanted on lawns—and, so far as I am concerned, to look at it is to live in it.

Jean Garrigue

**FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT DRAWINGS FOR A LIVING ARCHITECTURE** published for Bear Run Foundation and the Edgar J. Kaufmann Charitable Foundation. Horizon. \$35.00.

Not only of major significance for understanding the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, this volume is also among the handsomest tributes ever published to any architect. Although this luxurious publication is luxuriously priced, only a foundation grant has kept the price from doubling. It contains two hundred drawings selected from the Taliesin files under the supervision of Wright himself shortly before his death, seventy-five of them in color, and all superbly reproduced. This sampling, including a number of projects hitherto unpublished, ranges a full seventy years, from an engineering drawing which Wright made at the University of Wisconsin around 1885 to buildings designed in 1958. The introductory appreciation by Giuseppe Samonà is sensitive, although occasionally rather more turgid than poetic, while A. Hyatt Mayor's comments on Wright's drawing style are unhappily limited to a single page of perceptive, but sweeping, encomium. It is as a major pictorial source on Wright's work that the book fittingly succeeds. In this respect it stands beside the famous German and Dutch publications of 1910 and 1925, together with the complete issues which the *Architectural Forum* devoted to Wright's work in January, 1938, and January, 1948.

In some ways the present volume brings us closer to Wright than anything which has previously appeared. It is not so much the extensiveness of its coverage, since this depends on a random selection of some of the best drawings. These are, moreover, randomly sheafed around a series of themes—which makes for interesting juxtapositions, while also providing a delightful sense of rummaging through a man's work in search of its essence as a whole at the expense of its historical development. Not for coverage, therefore, is this collection of Wright's drawings so remarkable, as for its immediacy of impact. It provides a unique insight into both the process and the meaning of his creative genius.

In some respects, the drawings bring us closer to Wright's universe than even the experience of the actual buildings. Especially is this true of the kind of environment in which he envisioned them. That Wright makes dramatic use of site is axiomatic. But no pilgrimage to even his most dramatically sited buildings quite captures the landscape of the imagination in which he first enveloped his conceptions. Certainly no particular building can conjure the Wrightian dream of a vast architectural complex dominating and yet complementing a panoramic landscape. How often Wright ventured to the verge of realizing such a project, which, tragically, never materialized, except partially in his Taliesins. It is in the grandest of these projects, uniting spectacular architecture with spectacular scenery, that we most intensely experience Wright's vision of the reciprocal role of building and landscape. Here, for the first time, in magnificent color perspectives, we can begin to appreciate Wright's project for the development of the Doheny Ranch near Los Angeles, where concrete-block houses, terraces and viaducts maintain a grandeur of their own in a sweep of mountain foothills and the distant sea. As the editor (presumably Edgar Kaufmann, Jr.) notes in one of his tersely illuminating captions, this is "perhaps Wright's most poetic vision of architecture integrated with nature." Here the weighty,

earth-hugging forms of his buildings are "but specialized elaborations of the great entity, the winding roadway. Italian or Spanish towns remind us that the harmony of roads and houses is a commonplace of stone-built cultures." Later in the twenties, the sizable hotel project called San-Marcos-in-the-Desert near Phoenix provides an only slightly less grandiose accompaniment to its panorama. This project, which led Wright to his desert Taliesin, is notable as his first attempt to use 30/60 degree angles for plan and mass. Finally, in the late forties, Wright returns to California mountain landscape, this time for the Huntington Hartford development. Another angular hotel complex sprawls in a ravine overlooked by the owner's hillside house which is dominated by a sphere, recalling certain projects for spherical buildings by Claude Nicolas Ledoux around 1800. High above both of these buildings, the winding road leaps a canyon on a "butterfly" bridge of reinforced concrete, to terminate in the monumental fantasy of a country club comprised of three fungoid saucers cantilevered from a massive stone pylon.

In each of these Shangri-La, the particular site is characterized generally, but always stylized too. Wright's most elaborate landscapes—which are surely also among the most sensitive conjured by any architect—appear as broad water-color washes delicately accented and textured in colored pencil, with decisive accents often appearing as dotted and broken lines in ink. The most interesting aspect of his technique is the architectonic textile of gently but firmly ruled horizontals and verticals in colored pencil overlying the freer forms: horizontals at the horizon; verticals building shimmering landscape silhouettes and also enveloping the landscape in gauzy layers of atmosphere. In both rendering and mood Wright's landscapes complexly recall the Oriental landscape of cosmic immersion of self, the Beaux Arts landscape of Arcadian reverie and the Jeffersonian and Thoreauvian spirit of common-sense agrarianism and transcendentalism. Hence these imaginary environments make us particularly aware of that mixture of romantic exoticism and native agrarianism in which Wright's organicism is rooted.

THE pervasiveness of the exoticism in Wright's drawings strikingly reinforces his kinship with Sullivan. Both men found in exotic influences inspiration for the enrichment of rationalistic structure. Sullivan, however, lacked Wright's strain of practical agrarianism. (After all, Wright was something of a dirt farmer, while Sullivan grew roses.) For this reason, the exotic component in Wright's work is more often subdued than in Sullivan's, where the lushest ornament openly challenges rationalistic structure. Wright's drawings make apparent what his buildings sometime conceal.

The persistent exotic inspiration in the drawings also makes more explicable those periods when Wright's buildings erupt with a peculiarly luxuriant ornamentalism. Two times this luxuriance breaks through Wright's earthier "prairie" and "Usonian" postures: in the late teens with the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo and the subsequent work of the twenties; again in his last works after the Second World War. Since these periods are the most difficult to see, and at the same time represent his most personal architectural expressions, their illumination by the drawings is especially rewarding. In this respect, the present volume is very important, since the space devoted to the concrete-block houses of the twenties is generous, while roughly a third of the projects illustrated were designed after 1940.

Although this final phase of Wright's career must wait definitive analysis, it is already apparent that he was, at the end, primarily interested in the elaboration of his earlier discoveries of the angle and circle. These were the shapes most disruptive of the compartmentalization latent in

continued on page 71

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# LONDON

Bacon's turning point . . . new work by  
Keith Vaughan . . . Americans in London  
. . . Epstein's primitive collection . . .

FRANCIS BACON's exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery shows him at what may well be the turning point in his career. It is by far the largest show of new work that he has ever had—thirty-two paintings, all but one of them done in 1959-60. This is a remarkable number for someone with Bacon's reputation for harsh self-criticism—and there are indeed a few that ought to have been destroyed. All the new pictures without exception are of figures; about half are small heads of a male and a female model, the others are full lengths. There are some familiar images—Velázquez popes, and a business executive or two—but most are of nude figures running, entering a room, sprawled on sofas or crouching on the floor. For the first time the glass is off the pictures, and, as if in consequence of this departure, the human flesh has a terrifyingly raw appearance, and the backgrounds are much brighter in color—often as mat and as green as a billiard table.

Bacon remains an immensely impressive painter, but I begin to wonder whether much of his work is not going to look both pretentious and ludicrous before very long. As Lawrence Alloway very sensibly points out in the most illuminating piece of writing on Bacon that has appeared for many years (*Art News and Review*, April 9), we have for so long been told by Robert Melville and David Sylvester how to look at Bacon's work that their reading of it now stands between us and the pictures. It is not that the Surrealist-Existentialist interpretation of Melville and Sylvester was wrong; on the contrary—but it begins to look dated and one-sided, and may even have seduced Bacon into concentrating upon the literary element in his work and so

involuntarily emphasizing his pictorial weaknesses.

The weaknesses have always been there, but the obsessive quality in Bacon's work has usually been strong enough to carry him through. The fact that a distinguished literary figure like Stephen Spender should now appear in the role of the *Observer's* art critic to write about the exhibition is, however, a sign that for Bacon the red light is flashing. So in place of Robert Melville's spine-chilling horror in the catalogue—"To put it somewhat gruesomely, Bacon might be said to have covered the lampshades of his immediate predecessors with human skin, for although he has been far from unresponsive to the symbols of the human condition which inform the invented *personnages* of Surrealism, he presents this symbolic material as studies of human appearance"—we now have Mr. Spender's more urbane account: "Bacon portrays symbolic figures revealed at moments when they are not looking at all like their own idea of themselves, or even like our idea of them (or of ourselves). These paintings remind us disturbingly that our own secret self-portrait, a kindly but censored and sparing view, which to some extent we project conspiratorially on to other members of the species, is highly selective. Bacon is the 'third who always walks besides us' and sees what we do not admit we see, but have to recognize."

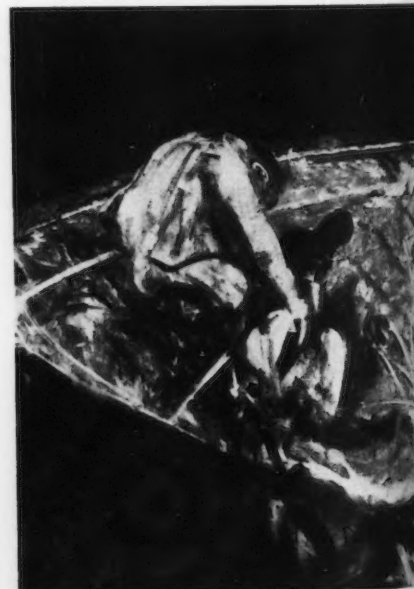
This is all very well, but it reminds me of the way Victorian critics wrote about G. F. Watts and others, without ever seriously asking whether the painters' pictorial equipment was quite up to expressing the no doubt very important ideas that obsessed them. By comparison with Watts, the Realists and the Impressionists must have seemed to be concerned with trivialities; in just the same way today, there are some who find abstract painters wanting in comparison with Bacon. Let me quote Mr. Spender again: "Bacon's painting revives the almost lost aim of art to be not only contemporary in style but also, in some disturbing and vital way, to be an intolerably exposed, piteously beautiful projection of the modern world as our lodging. . . . Distressing as the symbolically realistic truth may be, it also shows us that our world is a scene of terrifying beauty." To anyone who has read the English nineteenth-century critics this sort of writing about art is all too familiar. It can be quite moving in its own right, and one does not in the least

doubt the sincerity of the author's reactions; but the more permanent values of painting or sculpture are being left out of account because the artist concerned happens to fit in with some fashionable preoccupation of the moment.

WE HAVE of course for a long time been accustomed to Francis Bacon being presented to us as an Existentialist painter, whose comments on the human condition accord well with Jean Paul Sartre's. He has certainly expressed very forcibly the impossibility of making contact with other people however hard one tries to break through. The blurred image in the cage, trapped behind the glass—this was the equivalent in painting of those slim Giacometti figures of whose presence we have no more than a hint.

Nevertheless it would be wrong to stress Bacon's Existentialism, if only because that is to make him too much a figure of fashion. In fact, Bacon belongs most securely to that line of mocking Anglo-Irish eccentrics of whom the first and greatest was Dean Swift. There are indeed some remarkable parallels that could be made between the two men, especially in regard to their attitudes toward the human race and its activities, both public and private. I am surprised that nobody so far as I know has suggested this analogy—which admittedly one would not wish to pursue.

Still, it will serve to remind us that Swift was the greatest writer of the classical age in English literature, a master of plain, unadorned prose, with a natural sense of form. Bacon on the other hand belongs to a Romantic period, and has inherited no ready-made language. He has had to make one himself, and this has not been—and is not—easy. The recent work has an Art Nouveau, even Synthetist, quality, with curious kidney-shaped forms and great curving, undulating lines: the nearest parallel would be certain Gauguins and the Munch of the 1890's. These curling sweeps of paint define the eye-socket and then run down into the base of the neck, and they often push the head round and give a feeling of movement to the figure. As Alloway says in the article already mentioned, motion is one of Bacon's fundamental concerns that has been little discussed hitherto. It is very much to the fore in the Marl-



Francis Bacon, *Figures in a Landscape* (1959-60); collection Birmingham Art Gallery

Bacon, *Sleeping Figure* (1959-60); at Marlborough Fine Arts Galleries.





Indian stone figure from Epstein collection; at Arts Council of Great Britain.

orough exhibition, which is full of heads that turn toward or away from the spectator, and full of figures appearing from behind doors, or, as in the case of the most recent large painting, a *Figure in Movement*, dancing straight out of the transparent glass boxes in which for so long they were imprisoned.

Bacon's Achilles' heel is shock technique. It may be that it is this more than anything that has impressed people and won him an international reputation; but shocks have a habit of wearing off, and then what are you left with? In the worst picture in the Marlborough exhibition, a Velásquez pope brooding sadly over a large joint of raw meat, the effect is already so grotesque, so ludicrous, that it becomes impossible to take the picture seriously.

Only if Bacon can give up trying to shock and abandon all philosophical pretensions in his art, will any development be possible. Otherwise everything is soon going to appear as fatally flawed by morbidity and horror as much Victorian painting is by sentimentality. Some of the smaller heads, however, are so good that one feels confident Bacon can find a way out of his difficulty. It is perhaps too much to ask that he should leave the figure for a moment and return to the animals and sphinxes that provided the subjects for some of his best paintings. For here is the test: the essential Bacon quality ought to come over to us independently of the figure image—it should come over even if Bacon were to begin painting abstract pictures.

As it happens Keith Vaughan's exhibition of recent paintings at the Matthiesen Gallery provided an oblique comment on Bacon's predicament. Vaughan belongs to the same generation as Bacon (he was born in 1912, Bacon in 1910), and to some extent both men share the same obsessions. Vaughan entirely lacks Bacon's punch and his virtuosity, but he is certainly one of the most considerable of English figurative painters. In his work too Man has a central place, and the most ambitious paintings (though not always the best) are almost always of male nudes.

They are, however, placed in or before a landscape, and the general atmosphere of the paintings could not be more different. Bacon's figures belong inescapably to our time and are at home only in the closed rooms and narrow spaces of an urban environment; Vaughan's are like ancient heroes who

belong to a timeless pastoral setting. Though he made his reputation as a Neo-Romantic painter, there is a grave classical quality about Vaughan's work that probably explains why he alone of our Neo-Romantics has gone on improving and not declined since the 1940's.

Nevertheless, Vaughan too has his difficulties. He may not shock as Bacon does, but there is a certain unease and tension about his figures—as though they are half apologizing for being there at all. There is perhaps a purely formal explanation for this, because Vaughan, who abstracts from nature in a manner that owes much to Cézanne and the Cubists, goes much further with his landscapes than he does with his figures. In a landscape all the forms are broken down into flat colored shapes that are then rearranged to make a calm, balanced composition, and sometimes one ends up with what appears to be as abstract a painting as a Poliakoff, with forms and colors (predominantly blues, greens and ochers) that are entirely personal to Vaughan.

When the figure enters the landscape, it is not treated in the same way. Vaughan abstracts, but the figure never completely loses its volume, and thus always stands out as an inharmonious element against the more flat backdrop of the landscape. This is a pictorial problem that Vaughan can resolve if he wants to; and if I seem to suggest that he might do better to get rid of the figure altogether I am perhaps only seeking to rationalize a strong personal preference for the abstracted landscapes. By international standards Vaughan may be a slightly old-fashioned artist, but I am always surprised by the fact that he is not much better known outside England.

THESE exhibitions by two of our leading "middle generation" painters have absorbed most of my space; a third of equal importance—Alan Davie at Gimpel's—I am reluctant to write about here as I already had my say in the catalogue of the exhibition. Gimpel's have also shown two American painters, Stamos and Hassel Smith; Tooth's had a third, Paul Jenkins; and now four more—McLaughlin, Hammersley, Feitelson and Benjamin—are exhibiting at the I.C.A. These Los Angeles painters represent our introduction to American "abstract classicism," or "hard edge," as it is being called. I am afraid that this is not an auspicious beginning, and is only bewildering people who have never seen an Ellsworth Kelly or an Albers for that matter. In any case there have been abstract classicists (of a sort) around in Europe for a long time—Alberto Burri is one, and his collages of sacking, sheet iron and laths of wood at the Hanover Gallery have such an air of Mediterranean calm and elegance that it makes me wonder how he can ever have been presented as an Expressionist artist.

At the Tate Gallery the Contemporary Art Society has been celebrating its fiftieth birthday by showing some of the two thousand works of art it has bought and presented to museums and galleries all over Britain and the Commonwealth. We have every reason to be grateful to the Society for all it has done, but it has always been dogged by a fatal amateurishness (like much of the English painting of the period). As a result it has never played any creative role in the country's artistic life, and seems to have made no more than a handful of important purchases. Perhaps the selection of the exhibition was at fault.

The Arts Council has been showing Jacob Epstein's collection of primitive and exotic sculpture. This has been a revelation, as nobody quite expected either its size (there are 347 items in the catalogue) or the superlative quality of many of the pieces. Epstein had an eye that any specialist would envy: his must certainly be one of the most remarkable private collections ever made. Someone should try to arrange for its showing in New York before the collection is broken up.

Alan Bowness

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# PARIS

Léger's portrayal of modern society . . . the death of Herbin . . . Pignon and expressive force . . . Viseux's quest of the elemental . . . the mask and the problem of mediation . . .

Two events have gone almost unnoticed on the artistic scene of Paris this past month: the small Fernand Léger retrospective organized by the Galerie Europe, and the death of Auguste Herbin, at the age of seventy-eight. Yet both were of great importance for anyone concerned with understanding the contemporary art movement.

The first of these events, the Léger exhibition on the Rue de Seine, once more provided an occasion to take bearings, to discover anew the extent to which this painter is now linked to our technical civilization, to realize how much his work assumes added significance as the years pass.

One recalls the artist's famous remark: "I start off from the plain object; I'm a classicist." Or this other remark, made in 1918, upon his return from the war: "The breach of a seventy-five, wide open in the sun, taught me more than all the museums in the world." From the very start he showed a determination to express his own period in its most specific and decisive aspect: the advent of industrial society. Picasso, Braque, Matisse loved pitchers, guitars, odalisques, African masks, Goya, Velázquez. Léger, for his part, pursued but a single goal: to bring the world of the machine into the rigorous realm of classic forms.

At times he has been criticized as cold. What such criticism usually has not taken into account is the fact that his "coldness" was deliberate, studied, sought after, like Poussin's or Piero della Francesca's, and not the result of some emotional

lack or incapacity. Actually, in 1910 (as several canvases in the exhibition attest), Léger's work possessed the feeling, the lyricism, of the paintings of his Cubist comrades. It was only later that the artist subjected himself to an ever-increasing formal asceticism in order to attain greater force and objectivity. And even so, what seemed cold and hard to his immediate contemporaries strikes us today as breadth and majesty.

Works like *Landscape*, *The Cup of Tea*, *Red and Blue Still Life*, with their interlocking elements, their flat, sharp colors, where the space breaks and then reforms, become, now that we have a certain perspective in time, incomparable expressions of a humanity that is near to us and yet evokes Giotto and Berlinghieri. Apollinaire could already say, "When I see a Léger, I feel satisfied." And indeed, his is an art that opens onto satisfaction, happiness, confidence in man and in a humanity at peace with its destiny. There is, in all his works, the element of "Newtonian laws of motion" or "mechanical advantage of lever," but one finds as well an extraordinary outburst of simple love and profound nobility.

Technical this painting certainly is, not only in its imagery of cranks, casings, workers, factories, but first of all in the type of man it presents—energetic, "collective," equal to the demands and triumphs of our age. Now that Léger is no more, to whom should we entrust the mural façades of our hospitals and our housing projects, the decoration of our stadiums, our research centers, our universities?

WITH the death of Herbin we must mark the disappearance, after Mondrian and Malevich, of the last valid representative of geometric abstraction. The domain of this painter is the inner self; here there is no longer any question of crowds, stadiums, machines. All is transcendence and fervor, in the image of Herbin himself, who came into celebrity and a certain prosperity only for a short period at the end of his life, these last fifteen years. But, curiously enough—and for this the signs and symbols of theosophy are in the

main responsible—his language is no less than Léger's an organization of circles, rectangles, squares, of sharp, flat areas of color—a will constantly intent upon clarity.

Each of his canvases hides a secret architecture based upon the analysis of a concept and the use of an alphabet. Herbin painted words as others paint landscapes or portraits. "A: pink," he wrote.\* "This color resulting from the action of the four ethereal forces, pink will be accompanied by a form resulting from the combination of spherical, triangular, semicircular and rectangular forms." "B: purple red; combination of spherical and rectangular forms . . ." A strange method, one thinks. The painter, after reflecting on the philosophical verity of the word "cloud," "bird" or "Friday," would bring it into the arsenal of his plastic equivalence.

Nonetheless, the very difficulties which Herbin imposed upon himself demonstrate what seems to me a fact: the impossibility of painting's being its own end. The artist, through a certain grasp of Cubism, had come around to pure forms, and thus to a complete break with the images of the external world. But he still realized that painting must signify something or else disintegrate. If his work today holds a place in the history of modern art, it is because the artist, despite his rather curious spiritualism, has always been concerned to keep it fixed upon a goal.

I recall the bitter remarks that Herbin would make with regard to those who were known as his immediate disciples—Mortensen, Dewasne, Vasarely. He considered them skilled contrivers; he felt himself betrayed. And doubtless, in spite of the very real limitations to his art, Herbin's ultimate importance depends upon just this unyielding determination to surpass himself, to gain access to a meaning and a truth.

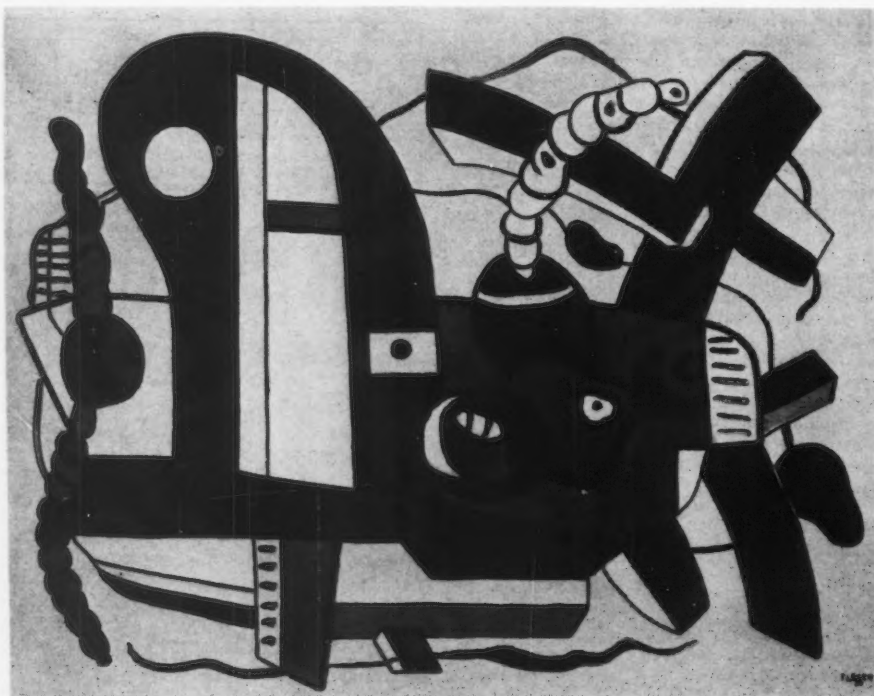
THE Galerie de France is exhibiting a painter whose importance in the New School of Paris is no longer contested: Edouard Pignon. The exhibition brings together some thirty canvases which the artist has executed on the theme of cockfights after seeing a number of them in Northern France.

The new plateau which Pignon has attained in these recent works represents a decisive advance. Indeed, the artist has not always known how to choose between stripped-down economy and verbosity; in many of his paintings, trying to be Uccello or Georges de la Tour, he turned out to be as garrulous as Tiepolo. The works of his Ostend period, for instance, are holding up badly, surprising us with the feebleness of their structure, which a few years ago seemed solid and monumental. Even in the period of his olive trees and his Midi landscapes, his work was not all equally accomplished. But now the painter shows a remarkable maturity.

His problem has always been to reconcile his urge toward construction with a temperament that is essentially one of movement—whence no doubt his lapses and failures. With its extraordinary speed, its shifting space described by the fighters as they attack, retreat or spread their powerful wings, the spectacle of cockfighting furnished the artist with the elements of a solution. "The movements are so fast, the wings so alive, the blows so swift, the clashes in flight so dazzling," writes Hélène Parmelin, the painter's wife, "that all fuses together, in the space of a flash, a heartbeat."

The works which Pignon is showing are in effect clash, flash, excitement, cruelty. In *Cockfight (Red)*, for instance, with its broad, contrasting surfaces, its yellows and oranges that evoke bursts of light and blood, the artist leaves the figurative behind and presents a plastic equivalent for his experience and his reactions; and so too in *Fighting Cock II*, with its interlacing signs that constitute a veritable portrait of a warrior.

\*Auguste Herbin, *L'Art Non-Figuratif et Non-Objectif* (Editions Lydia Conti, Paris, 1949).



Fernand Léger, *Red and Blue Still Life*; at Galerie Europe.





Pueblo Indian mask; at Musée Guimet.

clad in his armor, marked with the scars and wounds of battle, carrying his pride on high. "An eruption of colors, of blood and feathers, with here and there a fixed eye standing out, or a sharp beak, a throat laid open, a foot lopped off," continues Hélène Parmelin in her description of the fights. And it is precisely this reality that Pignon takes up and reveals in his painting.

The world does not consist simply of being or appearance; there is the problem of degree of existence exercised by beings and things. The psychologist with his tests does not discover the same child as the mother with her love. Knowledge and feeling are never more than proximate. From this point of view, Pignon in his *Cockfights* comes close enough to reality to depict their existential truth. Through that fact his works become the expression of all struggle, of all antagonism, and to my mind it is this that constitutes their value.

Certainly all is not perfection in this art. One might criticize a certain dissociation of stroke and color, certain shortcomings in the working of the *matière*. Nonetheless, in contemporary painting (and this is not negligible), Pignon has re-established contact with the sound and healthy.

AFTER its international Surrealist exhibition, the Galerie Daniel Cordier has devoted a comprehensive exhibition to Claude Viseux. Both a painter and sculptor, Viseux belongs to the new generation of artists, that of the thirty-year-olds. Here we are far removed from Herbin or Léger, or even Pignon. His sculptures, bronzes cast from assemblages of seaweed, minerals and slag fixed in plaster, are so many investigations of the natural world, its rhythms, its cycles, its contained power. His painting, more concerned with expressing the human, is first of all a taking stock of our period with its imbalance. "These chores took birth of themselves," writes the painter, "like grass, water, parasites." One recognizes the world view and the preoccupations of a Dubuffet disciple.

But, interesting as it is in the problems it raises and the terrain it explores, Viseux's art is hardly convincing. First and foremost, his paintings are not painted. I mean they lack that "epidermis" of which André Masson speaks, that "epidermis" one finds in Rembrandt, in the Cubists, and, in spite of all, in certain works of Pollock. Works like *Hurlers* or *Visqueuses* show a remarkable

ability. But it is still too much confined to intentions, to ideas.

His sculpture, on the other hand, if for no other reason than the splendor of bronze, commands greater assent. Here the artist gives the feeling of drawing near to a world, of holding sway over it, of stirring deep strata. *Concassages*, notably, resembling now a fish with shell, now a tree branch, now a mollusk, takes us back to the confused origins of life. But, for one success, how many other works that go no further than taking casts of objects! Ultimately, is there anything here beyond the anemic repetition of Picasso's famous montages? This work, despite the artist's intelligence and seriousness (or because of them), is still in its experimental stage.

After leaving the exhibition, I encountered something I found a little troubling. I happened to pass one of those 1900 marquees, frail and overdecorated, which still ornament certain cafés in Paris—old-fashioned examples of that florid architecture which Lewis Mumford has shown to be an altogether bastard style. Irresistibly, with its finicky forms, its rosettes, its lace-work of gilt metal, it recalled to me the formal domain I had just left. Just where, plastically and chronologically, should we place what is commonly called the "avant-garde"?

FINALLY, the Musée Guimet is presenting a remarkable exhibition devoted to the mask. Bringing together pieces from every age and every civilization, it is offered as both a "typology" and "phenomenology," arranged according to the various functions of the mask.

From the aesthetic point of view, however, the exhibition has an exceptional interest. It is almost poignant to recognize, in a mask from the Ivory Coast, the innermost texture of the *Weeping Woman* or the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*; to see in a Wobe-Guere mask the tones and the very patina of Atlan; to find, in a showcase devoted to the Dogon, a conception and vision analogous to those which ordered the Cubist canvases; to measure what our civilization has done with the material discovered in the African religious heritage, imposing a metamorphosis upon this material and at the same time drawing from it the strength of new blood.

Nevertheless, this very influence of the mask upon contemporary art has its disquieting aspects. One discovers, at the Musée Guimet exhibition, that the mask is of every continent and every period. Europe in the Age of Enlightenment produced remarkable examples to adorn its Harlequins and Columbines. Ancient Greece and Rome had theirs, in the image of their sculpture. Even today the folklore of Switzerland, Germany, Yugoslavia makes use of them at Christmas or Carnival. If the mask always serves as mediation, an attempt to gain access to the divine and the supernatural, it remains nonetheless a mask, whose function is precisely to mask, to hide, dissimulate, at the same time that it reveals.

Thus a whole section of modern art (if not modern art itself) finds itself called into question. Doubtless, reality remains opaque and we turn to the artist for light. But the primordial mediations of our Occidental world are science and technology, to which we must add, today, the social sciences; the role of art is to "mediate" them in turn, to take them up and humanize them. This was understood by painters during the Renaissance, when artistic creation was linked with discoveries and expanding knowledge. But what can we expect of artists who turn from the modern world to indulge in incantation?

There's no point in invoking ontology. The problem is to know what kind of art our technical civilization will have—and if it will have any at all. As I said at the outset, what painting needs today is a new Léger.

Jean Louis Ferrier

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### Cranach at Duveen's

Lucas Cranach the Elder's *Nymph Reposing* (collection Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lehman) figures among twenty works from the Cranach atelier on view through the month of May in a loan exhibition at the Duveen Galleries in New York. Comprising portraits of political and religious leaders as well as Biblical and mythological scenes, the show reflects the complex and conflicting interests of the Reformation period. Evident too is the stylistic change from Gothic to Renaissance, for the exhibition spans the work of both Cranach the Elder and the Younger.



*Hugo Erfurth (crayon, c. 1920).*



*Self-Portrait (lithograph, 1923).*

## Portraits at the Modern

From May 4 to June 12 the Museum of Modern Art in New York will feature one hundred portraits — paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, posters and photographs — selected from the museum collections by William S. Lieberman, Curator of Prints and Drawings. The exhibition is broadly international in its range, but particular attention is given to the German Expressionists. Most generously represented is Kokoschka, followed by Beckmann, Dix, Corinth, Grosz and Heckel. Many of the hundred works have been only infrequently displayed, and several are new acquisitions.

Portrait and Self-Portraits by Oscar Kokoschka.





Self-Portrait (lithograph).

# An Exchange on Art Criticism

In the March number ARTS published Sonya Rudikoff's "Language and Actuality: A Letter to Irving Sandler," which took exception to the "poetic" language frequently employed in art criticism today. The immediate occasion for Miss Rudikoff's article was the Grove Press's *School of New York; Some Younger Artists*, to which both she and Mr. Sandler had contributed. Miss Rudikoff particularly questioned the relevance and the adequacy of current "poetic" criticism in dealing with contemporary painting. Herewith is Mr. Sandler's reply, followed by Miss Rudikoff's comments.

## MR. SANDLER COMMENTS:

**W**HAT disturbed me most in your letter was the implication of the following sentence: "What is at issue here is not the correctness or incorrectness of interpretations so much as certain basic tendencies of perception, especially the impulse to see one thing in terms of something else." This "impulse" is the inevitable paradox of perception. Verbalizing about a picture is in a metaphysical sense destructive of its actuality because it deals with an object in terms of what it is not. A critic overly sensitive to this dilemma becomes like a shy lover who is afraid that his love will destroy the object of his love. He may be left speechless. There is nothing that a writer on art can do about the paradox except to take care that he does not dissolve the thing-in-itself into the context in which he chooses to discuss it or deny the wider contexts in which all things exist. How else can we deal with your proposal that critics explore "the way things have meaning beyond themselves"? This is not a new problem, but it seems well worth considering. However, I can't help feeling that you avoid a specific analysis by turning to philosophy, which in this case becomes "the disease of what it is supposed to cure" (Harry Holtzman). Had you been more specific, then "the correctness or incorrectness of interpretations" would have been at question, and we would have been able to proceed. I think that any idea suggested by a work of art—aesthetic, historical, metaphysical, psychological, the way paintings take form or their impact on us—may be used if it helps elucidate a picture and can be checked against the work (even though a great picture produces in us a kind of dumbness). You also feel that using words that have object references to discuss nonobjective paintings results in idealization and abstraction—the destruction of actualities. Is verbal communication really that complicated? Isolate "claws," and you have organic things. Read it in the context of my discussion of Guston's *Poet*, and "claws" can only be "a metaphorical response to certain plastic qualities," not "a metaphor in the picture" or anything else.

You single out "action painting," a term coined by Harold Rosenberg, as an idea that "tends to obscure the object." I believe that it is relevant to *one* kind of painting today. Unfortunately, as Thomas B. Hess has pointed out, "action painting" is now being used "with as many different meanings as there are writers

to misunderstand it." For example, in one paragraph, you deal with "activity" as if it were "action." Yet in another place, you clearly differentiate between the two. The act of action painting is not the same as the act of "gardening, or carpentry, singing, playing a violin, or housework, teaching . . ." There is a crucial difference between performing well in an existing order, as Stern does on his violin, and creating a new order, and this I believe to be the purpose of action painting. I must admit that many action painters do little more than perform, reducing "action" to "method," but only the mediocre ones, those whom Vasari might have called "the good artists." Others, the "anything goes" vulgarizers, reduce "action" to "motion," not to mention those artists who hope to parlay action painting into sales, a grant or a better teaching job; but to write about the vulgar is a bore, and to equate all of painting or criticism with the worst, a fallacy.

For purposes of our discussion, I will accept the following statement of yours as indicative of the aims of action painting. "The action in art has become of great importance recently because so much of modern life denies action in favor of activity, which is the appearance of action. What the act in art recovers is the true course of action, of commitment, of emotional consciousness of being." If we think that this is important, and I do, then our problem is to find ways of writing about action. At this point the difficulty begins. What, for example, is "emotional consciousness of being"? What in the painting signifies it? What words can we find to define, elucidate or evaluate it? "Clearly," to borrow a sentence from you, "this is not a meaning to be extracted like a pebble from a shoe." I believe that action painting is involved with a search for new values, values rooted in the continual discovery "of emotional consciousness of being," a moral seeking for authenticity that has called into question all preconceived norms, including those of painting. It is for this reason that artists have become so interested in medium as the irreducible element in art, specific, concrete, immediate and full of its own kind of potential. As Harold Rosenberg wrote, the action painter experienced "on the one hand, a desperate recognition of moral and intellectual exhaustion; on the other, the exhilaration of an adventure over depths in which he might find reflected the true image of his identity." This moral search makes one artist's

pictures, their "specific actualities of paint moving in specific ways," more important than another's. The quest that many action painters have undertaken in a time when man has become completely problematic to himself is and remains an unpredictable "hazardous journey."

A concern with "action" need not "obscure the object," if the object itself forces attention to its *taking form* as part of its meaning. This is important, for "action" is deduced from "paintings," from actualities, not the other way around. It is by comparing pictures that their frames of reference, intentions, organizing values and the other elements in their complex of meanings emerge. Similarities as well as changes become apparent. It becomes possible in this context to distinguish between more realized and less realized works. Although you stress the need for judgments, you do not offer any criteria for evaluations. Your insistence on the "irreducible nature of actuality" seems to inhibit you in considering pictures comparatively.

The comparative method can be carried further. Pictures are painted in the matrix of other pictures. Every artist who visits a fellow artist's studio, who goes to or shows in galleries and museums, who reads or looks at reproductions in art magazines or books, identifies to some extent with a group of artists who paint in a certain way. The artist becomes part of an art scene with historical antecedents and loosely shared ideas and attitudes about art, what its content ought to be, and what makes a picture "work." The norms developed in this context can also be used for elucidation and evaluation. The scene might be enlarged to encompass the entire history of art—action painting as a wing in some imaginary museum without walls—but that is another matter.

We do not respond to pictures in terms of other pictures, but we cannot make believe we never saw a painting before, nor can we ignore the irritated feeling when we see the work of an artist who is copying X. To accept your idea of actuality would reduce us to a primitive state of experiencing in which every picture would become an object-in-itself to be viewed wholly in its own terms. We cannot avoid the heightened awareness and the sophisticated eye that a familiarity with large numbers of pictures produces, and when we swoon, we do so like Berenson, before the "real" thing.

Irving Sandler

#### MISS RUDIKOFF REPLIES:

I'm sorry that you don't see the urgency of the problems I mention. Instead you seem to attribute to me the very ideas and attitudes I call into question. For example, I say quite explicitly that the impulse to see one thing in terms of another is inevitable to human perception and is both valuable and necessary. I also make quite clear my belief that in the discussion of art a sense for actuality is not enough. My references to an abstracting and idealizing tendency in perception are therefore not so value-laden as you interpret them. Obviously we need abstraction in order to live in culture at all—which is the reason why we must understand what we do. And please note that I observe this abstracting tendency in art itself.

The interesting problems seem to be these: given contemporary art, given the dynamics of human perception, given the distinction

between perception itself and the language that reports it, what are the consequences? Is contemporary criticism really making sense of contemporary art? I think it is not. How does one account for the distortions and confusions—is it the fault of dolts, vulgarians, cynics, entrepreneurs, mediocre manipulators, as you seem to suggest? Is everybody simply stupid? Or might there not be something in the situation itself which gives rise to the distortions? What obligations do critics have when insights become received ideas—isn't it to question those ideas and *donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu*?

I don't think critics need to state and restate the aims of action painting to each other or to the world. Obviously painters must do so, and it is in their work that the quest, journey, moral search and seeking occur. But what are the goals of writers and critics? What is their quest, journey, search? Surely the goals are quite different, despite a shared subject. The problem for critics is *not* to "find ways of writing about action." This is just what seems wrong! I can see no reason for "writing about action" other than to instruct or inform, as in handbooks, or, say, in *Art News*' series on "how X paints a picture, makes a mosaic, etc.," and of course that's not the discussion of action but rather of the techniques which make action possible, or through which action is realized. Action itself, however, cannot be taught; the painter, like the burglar's son in the Zen story, must act from his own necessity in his own situation. But didn't Poussin, Delacroix, Monet, Bronzino, Claude, Titian, Guercino, Courbet, Munch, Hals, Margaritone . . . ? The problem for critics is still, I think, to write about works of art. Even if all previous norms, meanings, circumstances, intentions of art are questioned or overthrown, and all that remains is medium and the act of painting, it is still necessary to write about what the picture does, not how the painter acts. Obviously the action must be inferred, assumed, understood in all its resonance, especially when it has new aspects or intentions; but this goes without saying. If a new order is being created, then it is the new order which is of interest. Otherwise, actuality is not perceived, and the "swoon" you speak of will simply be an experience repeated to achieve its already-known effects.

"Creating new order" is a purpose shared by all the arts I can think of, in their several ways, and by every action in every domain of life. Naturally they're not all "the same," but simply because things are not identical doesn't mean there's no connection between them. I can't imagine what playing the violin, singing, gardening, carpentry, preaching a sermon, and other actions are about if not the creation of new order. Or do you propose a view of art as discontinuous with life?

"The comparative method"? Certainly, comparison is a part of mental and imaginative functioning, but I don't understand how it can be a critical *method*. If works of art have value, meaning, intention, then what criticism involves is the discernment, understanding, appreciation and communication of their value, not a comparison of similarities and differences. Similar objects may be entirely without value or interest, although they may be the subject of endless comparison, as in the serious discussion of popular culture. Comparison, like reason, can be used for any purpose at all, and, widely practiced nowadays, it frequently has no connection with any value. Object A is bigger, smaller, lighter, brighter, simpler, more magnificent, etc., than Object B; very well, but what is Object A? B? Has *that* been perceived?

Sonya Rudikoff



# Italian Art and Britain

A panoramic exhibition in London

presents an astonishing treasury of paintings as it retraces the course of British collecting.

BY ALAN BOWNESS

ONE OF the first paintings that you saw, on entering the magnificent exhibition called "Italian Art and Britain" at the Royal Academy (from January into March), was a large portrait of the Earl of Arundel seated in his sculpture gallery drawing one's attention to the works of art in his possession. Though the artist who painted it in 1618 wasn't an Italian—he was in fact a Dutchman who had recently arrived in Britain—the picture is as appropriate an introduction to the exhibition as anyone could desire. For it was Arundel, courtier, diplomat and scholar, who was the first great British collector. In the context of the Academy exhibition, it's a matter for regret that the Earl should be portrayed before his sculpture, and not in his picture gallery—which does form the background in the twin portrait of his wife, the Countess. But if Arundel regarded his antique sculpture as the high spot of his collection, his

paintings were almost as important to him, and among them were a group of sixteenth-century Venetian works, including six Tintoretto's, three Veronese's and a Titian.

Arundel's enthusiasm for Venetian painting was shared by the young king, Charles I, who, after his accession in 1625, quickly assembled what was probably the finest collection of Italian art these islands have ever seen (Rubens called him "the most art-loving Prince in Europe"). When Charles was executed in 1649, most of the royal collection was dispersed on Cromwell's orders, but the pattern had been established, and since then every generation without exception has had its collectors of Italian art. Rich and eccentric they have often been, but the sincerity of their passion cannot be questioned—nor can the wealth of Italian art treasures that they have brought before the eyes of their fellow countrymen.

It is the story of this British collecting of Italian art that the Royal Academy exhibition sets out to trace. All the paintings and drawings—there is very little sculpture—come from British collections, both public and private, and the richness of the latter will no doubt once more surprise the foreign visitor. The remarkable thing about them is that most were formed by men who had passionate preferences of their own and who anticipated and even created taste; the millionaire collectors who buy what they're told have no place in this exhibition.

Professor Ellis Waterhouse, of the Barber Institute at the University of Birmingham, suggested the theme, and had a very large share in the selection and arrangement of the exhibition (which is superlative), calling in specialists to help him—among them A. E. Popham for the drawings, Denis Mahon for the Seicento, and Francis Watson for the Settecento. Unlike last summer's Romantic Movement show, the exhibition was carefully planned from the beginning, and it unfolds as one walks round, guiding one with a minimum of fatigue past the 648 items. The hanging is not chronological, but charts the changes of taste on the part of the collectors. It makes very little sense unless one follows the arrows, and this is what I propose to do.

IN THE first two galleries every picture has some connection with British collecting or patronage of Italian art before 1700. Inevitably, the ghost of Charles I hangs over the first room: six of his pictures are there, all of them small works which survived the dispersal of his collection. Since they include three pictures that Berenson attributed to Giorgione—the *Shepherd with a Pipe*, *An Old Woman* and the very Bellinesque *Concert*—this does to some extent compensate for the loss of Charles I's Titians. Exactly what his collection contained has not yet been established, but he had at least seventeen important pictures by the greatest of Venetian painters, including all the best Titians now in the Louvre, and many fine ones in Vienna and Madrid.

At the Restoration in 1660, Charles II tried to recover as



Daniel Mytens, *Portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel*; collection Duke of Norfolk.



Paolo Veronese, *The Martyrdom and Last Communion of St. Lucy*; collection Diana Bowes-Lyon.

much as he could of his father's scattered collection. He did in fact gather together numerically a considerable proportion of what was lost, even though most of the masterpieces were beyond recovery. The Dutch States General, as a gesture to the newly restored monarch, bought and presented to him the collection of Van Reynst, who had been one of the foreign buyers at the Commonwealth sale. In this way, two pictures now at the Academy, Lotto's Odoni portrait and Giulio Romano's splendid portrait of Isabella d'Este, which Charles I had probably bought with the Mantua collection, returned to British royal possession.

The most remarkable private collections made in England in the later seventeenth century, those of Lord Sunderland, Lord Exeter and Sir Thomas Isham, are still more or less intact today, and they were all represented in these first rooms at the Academy. So were the paintings of contemporary Italian artists who were invited to England to work for royal or noble patrons—Orazio and Artemisia Gentileschi under Charles I, Antonio Verrio and Benedetto Gennari under Charles II. The largest and most curious pictures in this part of the exhibition, however, were two genre scenes, *The Butcher's Shop* (Christ Church, Oxford), which seems to have been painted in the early 1580's by the young Annibale Carracci, perhaps to tease his cousin Ludovico whose father was a butcher, and *The Cook Maid* (Earl of Verulam Collection), the work of an English amateur artist, Sir Nathaniel Bacon (1585-1627), who fell under

the influence of the international Caravaggesque style.

In an adjoining room were hung the drawings chosen for the exhibition, and these really deserve an article to themselves. Again the arrangement is by collectors, and some of the same names appear. Arundel himself (who also possessed a famous series of Holbein portrait-drawings, and some Dürers) is represented by an entire wall of Parmigianinos and Leonardos—he brought to England the Leonardo album that is now one of the glories of the royal collection at Windsor Castle. After Arundel, the painter-collectors take over. Sir Peter Lely (1618-80) was the first of a line that included Jonathan Richardson (1665-1745) and Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830): the collections of all three have been partially reconstructed on the Academy's walls, and the result is a dazzling assemblage of Michelangelos and Raphaels (many now in the British Museum at Oxford) and a group of Florentine Quattrocento drawings collected by Richardson that must be almost the first example of a revival of interest in fifteenth-century art.

To resume our perambulation: Gallery III is the largest in the Academy, and here the chronology by taste was abandoned to allow all the grandest paintings of the Venetian school to be hung together. This was not unfitting, because, as Professor Waterhouse observed, this school has been the perennial favorite with British collectors from the seventeenth century to the present day. Here were nine Titians, four Veroneses, eight Tintoretos and a dozen paintings by lesser Venetians—and



Andrea del Sarto, *Portrait of a Young Man*; collection Duke of Northumberland.



none of them from a museum collection. It was admittedly a group that included some speculative attributions as well as some dirty and some overcleaned pictures. Nevertheless, there were masterpieces there all right: Titian's *Death of Actaeon* from Harewood, and his *Young Man with a Glove* from the Earl of Halifax's collection; Tintoretto's early *Esther and Ahasuerus* (Royal Collection), his *Portrait of a Young Man as David*, belonging to Sir Kenneth Clark, and the very fine late *Martyrdom of St. Lawrence* (Christ Church, Oxford); and two unfamiliar Veroneses from the Earl of Yarborough's collection, *Susanna and the Elders* and *Rebecca at the Well*, together with a third unpublished Veronese, *The Martyrdom of St. Lucy* (Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon), which is so extraordinarily free in color and execution as to look like an eighteenth-century picture (and this is in fact what certain skeptical scholars suspect it to be).

To the three great Venetian painters the early British collectors would have added a fourth, Jacopo Bassano. Despite his lapse from popularity in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, evidence at the Academy exhibition suggests that they were right. Certainly *The Way to Golgotha* in the Earl of Bradford's collection (formerly best known from a copy at York) is a very impressive and moving picture, in which the strength of the artist's emotions breaks down the pictorial conventions of his time; and, in the manner more expected of him, the *Flight into Egypt* (Prinknash Abbey) and *Jacob's Journey* (Royal Collection) are most attractive works.

**A**FTER the Venetians come the other Italian painters of the early Cinquecento, mostly from Florence and Tuscany, and the next room is devoted to them. This is something of a disappointment, perhaps because the best pictures that have been in British private collections are now either in our National Gallery (and ineligible for the exhibition) or have left the country. (The major exception to this would be the Earl of Ellesmere's Raphaels, but these, like his Titians, are too large or too fragile to move.) So it happens that the gallery is dominated not by a Raphael altarpiece, but by a large and boring Montagna *Madonna and Six Saints* (Cambier Parry), and two "puzzle pictures" with subjects that still have to be explained. These are of an *Old Smith Sharpening a Spearhead* (Lord Bruce), ascribed by Berenson to the Veronese painter Paolo Farinati (1522-1606), and an enormous Mannerist portrait, *Two Kneeling Princes with Attendants* (George Howard), traditionally by Tintoretto, but now given to Parmigianino.

The most interesting works in the room are the three portraits from the Andrea del Sarto circle (these are discussed in detail by John Shearman in the February *Burlington Magazine*, which is entirely devoted to the Academy exhibition). One is by a French artist; another (Lady Gage's *Fattore di San Marco*) would seem to be the masterpiece of Domenico Puligo (1475-1527). The finest of the three is Andrea's own *Portrait of a Young Man* (Duke of Northumberland), which has been cleaned and is now revealed as a particularly splendid early work of about 1510 in which Leonardo's influence can be seen.

The next four galleries deal principally with artistic contacts between Britain and Italy from 1700 to 1850—the age of the Grand Tour. Here we find a great deal besides Italian painting; the great foreigners who settled in Italy are represented, as well as the British artists who worked there for greater or lesser periods. In this section, too, a high percentage of the Italians, notably the two Riccis, Pellegrini, Amigoni and Canaletto, are shown by paintings done in England or specifically for English patrons.

Three large portraits, by Antonio David, Batoni and Grisoni, Angelica Kauffmann's *Cupid's Wound* (Attingham), and an

immense and dull Pannini dominate Gallery V. In the next room it is the turn of two marvelous Claudes, *The Landing of Aeneas* and *The Sacrifice to Apollo* (both from the Altieri Palace, and now belonging to Lord Fairhaven), and an enormous, empty Raphael Mengs altarpiece, *Noli Me Tangere*, commissioned in 1769 for All Souls College, Oxford. Altarpieces for Oxford and Cambridge colleges are also to the fore in the next gallery—Pittoni's *Rest on the Flight into Egypt*, bought in 1783 for Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Amigoni's *Return of the Prodigal*, commissioned from the artist and presented to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1734. These are hung a little incongruously among caricatures of English connoisseurs in Italy by Thomas Patch, and *veduti* by Canaletto and Guardi. Canaletto for much of his career depended on English patronage, and he is perhaps underrepresented in comparison with his importance. Some amends are made in a small room of eighteenth-century Venetian drawings, mostly done for Joseph Smith (1676-1770), who for many years was British consul in Venice.

Gallery VIII, the fourth and final room in this section, is largely filled with the work of English artists who were in Italy in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—Wright of Derby, Turner, Eastlake, Leighton, Watts, Ruskin. Some of the Turners excepted, it must be confessed that the standard is distinctly low, but this does serve to break the continuity of the exhibition and prepare us for what is to follow.

**I**T WAS only with the nineteenth century that there arose a taste for Italian primitives, hitherto completely neglected in Britain as elsewhere, and the next two galleries are devoted to Trecento and Quattrocento paintings. The first collectors were men who bought them as curiosities; they wanted a historical basis to their collections, and sought to show how great art can spring from very modest (and even bad) beginnings. It was



Guercino, *The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine*; collection Denis Mahon.

## Italian Art and Britain

in this spirit that the Liverpool solicitor William Roscoe (1753-1831) made the collection that now belongs to the Walker Art Gallery. He spent very little, and bought all his pictures in England, but he managed to acquire at least two masterpieces, Simone Martini's *Christ Child in the Temple*, painted in Avignon in 1342, and Ercole Roberti's late *Pietà*, which are both in the exhibition.

Later in the century collectors were buying this sort of painting for its own sake. They were often men of scholarly disposition, like Fox Strangways, and it is no accident that the museums of Oxford and Cambridge have excellent collections of primitive work—the Fitzwilliam, for example, has lent Simone Martini's *Three Saints*, and its two Domenico Venezianos, *A Miracle of St. Zenobius* and the *Annunciation*, with its wonderful architectural setting in which Domenico seems to be trying out the new idea of perspective construction.

The movement back to the primitives gathered force in England in the mid-century when Eastlake was appointed director of the National Gallery in 1855. The Prince Consort had also played his part when he bought pictures for Queen Victoria's collection: the great Duccio triptych (and a Fra Angelico *Madonna*) cost him £190 in 1846. Patrons of contemporary artists like Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Whistler also purchased early Italian pictures, and there's a distinct "Pre-Raphaelite" flavor about the Botticellis and Filippinos chosen in this section. By the end of the century the taste for such work was universal among art lovers.

John Ruskin had something to do with this, and it is a paint-

ing that he bought in Venice in 1878 (now at Sheffield) that has caused the greatest excitement in the exhibition. This is a large (forty-two by thirty inches) *Madonna and Child* from the Verrocchio workshop, badly damaged by relining, but with an architectural setting of such extraordinary quality that the young Leonardo's hand has been detected in it. This is a perfectly reasonable hypothesis that X-ray examination of the picture may well confirm.

**T**HE remainder of the exhibition is given over to what now seem to be the two ruling passions on the part of British collectors of Italian art—paintings by the Bolognese artists who settled in Rome early in the seventeenth century, and by the great eighteenth-century Venetian decorators. These are tastes of scholar-collectors that have still to win general acceptance, and they forcibly remind one of the subject of the exhibition. It is a partisan account of the Italian Seicento and Settecento that is given, full of omissions—Caravaggio and his succession are but poorly represented, Maffei and Magnasco do not appear at all, though I believe there was once a Magnasco Society in London.

The Venetian room is dominated by Pittoni, Pellegrini, the Riccis and Tiepolo (a wall of oil sketches, most of them lent by Count Seilern), and there is not a Ceruti or a Longhi to be seen. As already mentioned, the *veduti* painters also seem a little under a cloud, and it's no accident that it has been in this exhibition that Francesco Guardi has emerged as a superb decorative painter, if the five large paintings on subjects drawn from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* (now in Geoffrey Merton's collection) that were recently discovered in Dublin are in fact by his hand.

It is, however, the Bolognese artists who have provided the most controversial section of the exhibition—the Carracci, Guido Reni, Domenichino and notably Guercino, who is represented by no less than ten pictures, many of them very large. Bolognese academicism suddenly fell out of fashion with the upsurge of Romanticism, but now a deliberate attempt is being made to bring it back. All these Seicento pictures are selected from new collections formed by art historian-collectors like Mr. Denis Mahon, who has lent over forty paintings and provided them with immensely detailed catalogue notes (very much longer than those of the other schools). Mr. Mahon's pictures are in excellent condition, and this allows one to appreciate the felicities of Guido's color, the beginnings of a real feeling for landscape in Annibale Carracci and in Domenichino, and the dramatic intensity of Guercino's early manner—which seems to be picked up again many years later by Crespi, another of Mr. Mahon's painters.

I wonder, however, whether this trend will gain wide popularity, as the cult of the primitives a century ago has done, or whether it will remain a specialized taste. There are, I think, two things to bear in mind. First, the taste for the primitives was directly connected with new developments in contemporary art, and so far as I can see this is not true of the Bolognese (though it may be true of the Tiepolo *modelli* and the big Guardis). Secondly, the cultivation of a wide field of interest is the art historian's approach—to some extent he is compelled to do this. Eclecticism, however, brings with it certain disadvantages, as the editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, Benedict Nicolson, has pointed out. Is it really possible to like both Duccio and Guercino, both Raphael and Guardi? And if one does, are one's responses quite as vital as they should be?

But I do not want to dogmatize about this, for if there is a moral to this exhibition, it is the very un-Academic one that all artistic judgments must in the end be both relative and personal.



Simone Martini, *The Christ Child Discovered by His Parents in the Temple*; collection Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.



Verrocchio and Leonardo(?), *Virgin and Child*; collection Sheffield Art Galleries.



# Constructing the Absolute

Reflections on the exhibition "Construction and Geometry in Painting," at the Galerie Chalette in New York.

BY HILTON KRAMER

*We admire a sureness of ideas and tone that is sometimes rather alarming. There is so little of the superfluous that we are tempted to ask if the necessary is always there. The words coldness, dryness, enter our minds; but, on reflection, we come to think that we mean in most cases merely accuracy and decision.*

—Sainte-Beuve

THE history of the geometrical and constructionist mode of painting, from its emergence in Europe fifty years ago down to the present moment, raises in a particularly crucial and extreme form a question about the relation of modern pictorial styles to non-pictorial ideas. For half a century abstract painting of this persuasion has allied itself with a baffling array of social programs, mystical ideologies and philosophical theories, and has yet managed to sail through historical disasters and internal mutinies with its cargo intact. Theosophy, socialism, mathematics, pedagogical theory, scientific rationalism, Zen Buddhism: these and other interests have harbored this style, given it an impetus, an occasion, a justification as well as a place of work, only to find in the end that the style eluded their sponsorship. It has shown itself to be uniquely ungrateful with regard to the intellectual handouts by which it lived, and it has made some abrupt and shameless departures from sources of meaning once considered fundamental. As a style it has been witness to the most shattering crises of the twentieth century, and still it sports neither wounds nor cries of anguish. It seems to have a positive hostility to despair, or even empathy. One thinks of Eliot's alarming comment on Henry James—"a mind so fine that no idea could violate it"—and yet ideas *are* involved at every turn in the history of this style, and the style assimilates them with an ease and a speed that leave no trace of conflict, nor often (one is tempted to add) of anything else. Nothing has been allowed to mar its advocacy of harmony and spiritual equilibrium. If discordancy obtrudes, it marks a failure of vision, a personal inadequacy in the face of the ideal. Permanence, certainty, precision are what it claims from the aesthetic act. While the rest of us cope with the messiness of experience, this art dreams of perfect order.

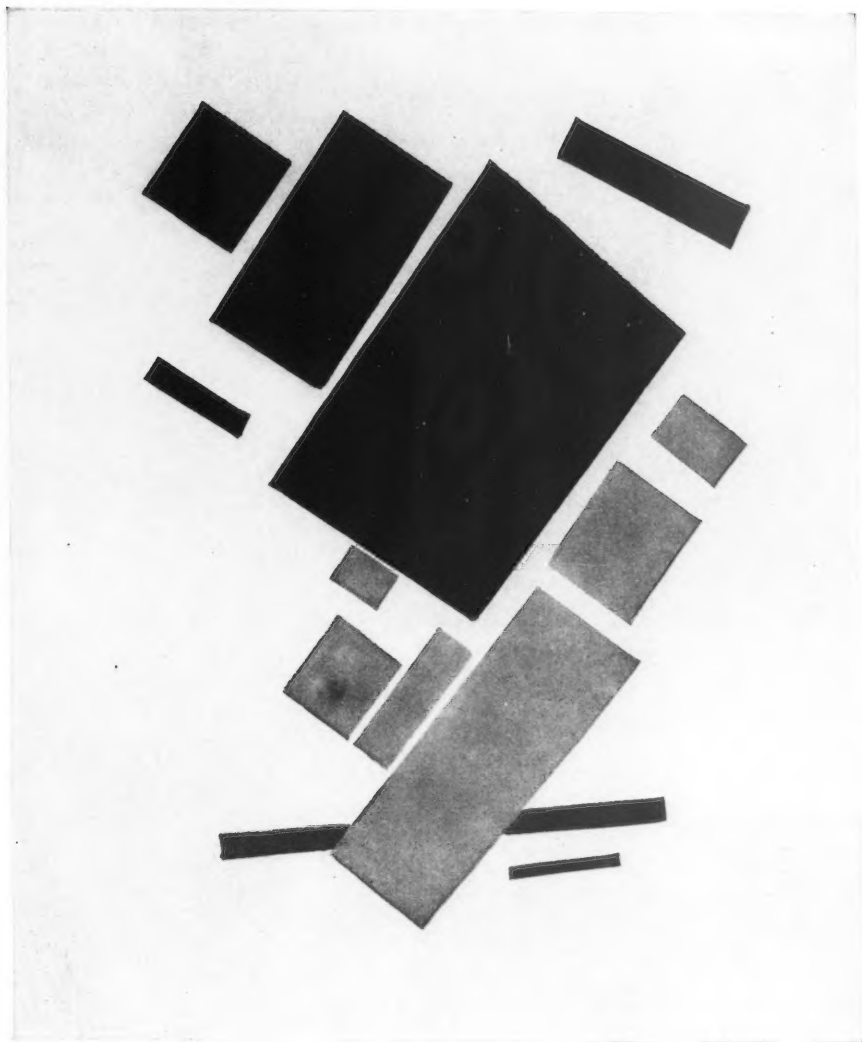
The exhibition called "Construction and Geometry in Painting," at the Galerie Chalette (March 10—May 31), offers us a remarkable opportunity to review the achievements of this style, to cast a glance over its entire historical development and see where it stands today, a lonely and somewhat ill-tempered camp of discipline and rectitude in a jungle of chic anguish and witless absurdity. Above all it offers us a rare chance to judge both the style and its individual examples primarily, if not solely, as pictorial expression, and for once not be seduced into the beguiling discussions of philosophical claptrap that normally pass for criticism wherever a geometrical form puts itself forward with any fanfare. We are given the opportunity—but will we take it? As I write, this exhibition has been on for over

a month, and the critics have responded by and large with dumb stares and squeaks of ignorance. In other words, they have registered their customary reaction to any demonstration of seriousness. It seems that in New York today we are far too interested in art to take it seriously.

This is all a pity, because an exhibition of this sort is seldom attempted and rarely carried through with such thoroughness and care. It confronts us with a number of problems, with questions and answers which should be articulated and assimilated, and one had hoped—no doubt foolishly—to see them taken up, and faced. There is a sense in which an exhibition on this order, with its wide geographical and historical span and narrow conceptual commitment, and betraying, as it does, some very great discrepancies of achievement in the face of a rigorous unity of ideas—there is a sense in which such an exhibition cannot be said to succeed *without* an authentic criticism. It is the sort of exhibition which can complete itself only in a thoughtful exchange of ideas, for unlike an exhibition of masterpieces, which this clearly is not, it is addressed as much to our thinking as to our sensibilities, and it seeks to alter our feelings about pictorial art by an appeal to our minds as well as our aesthetic emotions. The exhibition is, in short, a stimulus to *thought*, a thing our critics somehow get along without.

HERE, then, are over one hundred paintings and constructions spanning half a century and covering the principal vanguard heroes and groups of Europe, the United States and South America. (Fifty artists from seventeen countries are included.) Such a large number of items is, of course, the reverse of a guarantee of quality in every case. There are some unspeakable duds here, and more than a few curiosities—the exhibition is by no means unmixed in its blessings. But there is a sizable majority of accomplished works, and a sufficient sampling of the first-rate to sustain one's interest in what could easily have been—but happily isn't—a fatiguing historical spectacle. The catalogue,\* though not the exhibition itself, divides the artists into two groups: "Pioneers," meaning Malevich, Vantongerloo, Mondrian, Kupka and so on; and "Contemporaries," including artists as various in age and temperament as Albers, Diller and Dewasne. There are perhaps a larger number of "pioneers" than can be justified in cold blood, but for the most part the division is just. The exhibition contains some important loans from the Museum of Modern Art, particularly Van Doesburg's *Composition (The Cow)*, 1916–17, and Malevich's *Suprematist Composition (Airplane Flying)*, 1914, and a superlative MacDonald-Wright from the Whitney Museum, the *Conception Synchrony*, 1915. There is a fine pastel, dated 1928, by Otto

\**Construction and Geometry in Painting*. Includes a lengthy essay by the French critic Michel Seuphor, entitled "The Idea of Construction: Notes and Reflections," as well as illustrations (some in color) and biographical information on every artist in the exhibition. Published by the Galerie Chalette, 1100 Madison Avenue, New York City (\$3.00).

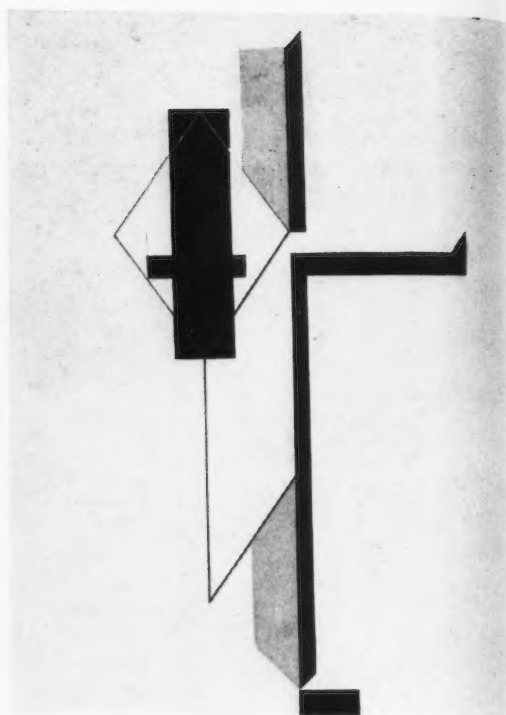


Kasimir Malevich, *Suprematist Composition (Airplane Flying)*, 1914;  
collection Museum of Modern Art, New York.

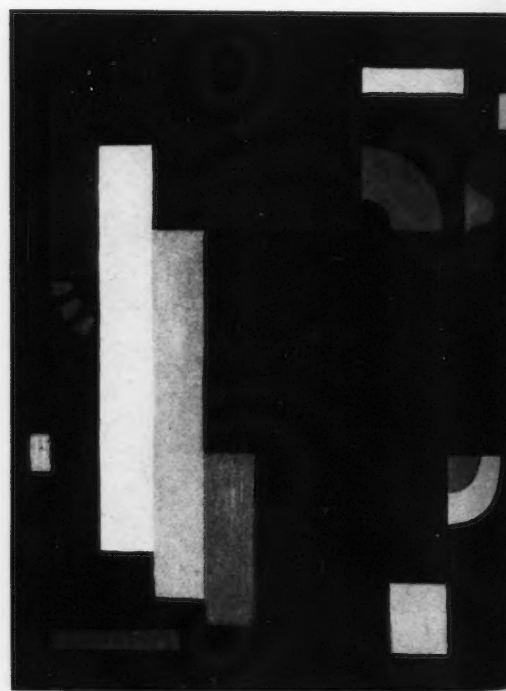
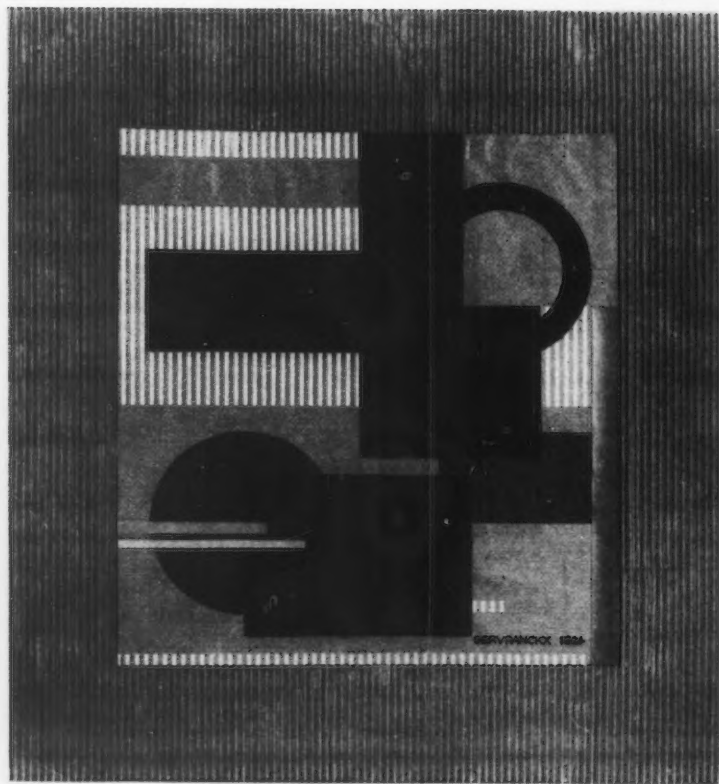
## Constructing the Absolute



Jean Dewasne,  
*Opéra-Cash* (1951).



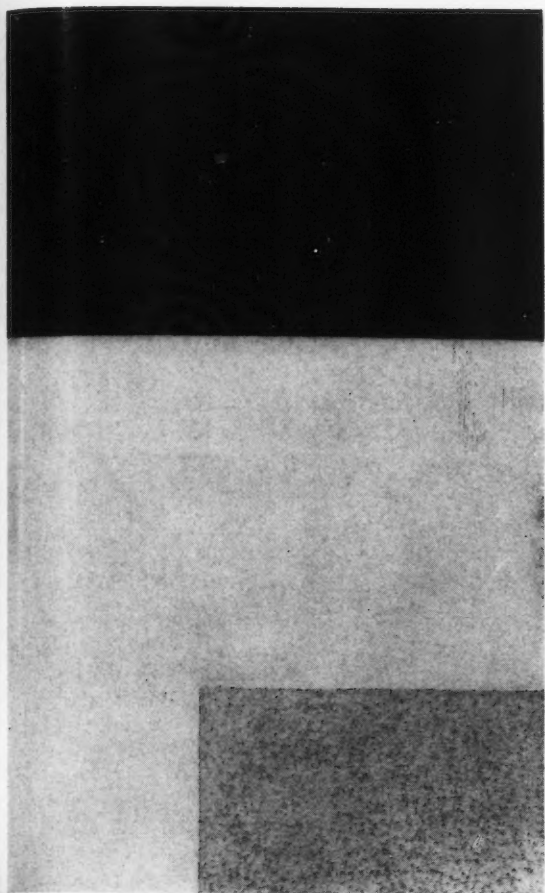
El Lissitzky, *Composition—Proun* (c. 1922);  
collection Museum of Modern Art, New York.



Jozef Pester  
*Constructive Painting* (1921)

Victor Servranckx,  
*Opus 20* (1924).





Wladyslaw Strzeminski,  
*Architectural Composition* (1929).



Stanton MacDonald-Wright, *Conception Synchrony* (1915);  
collection Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

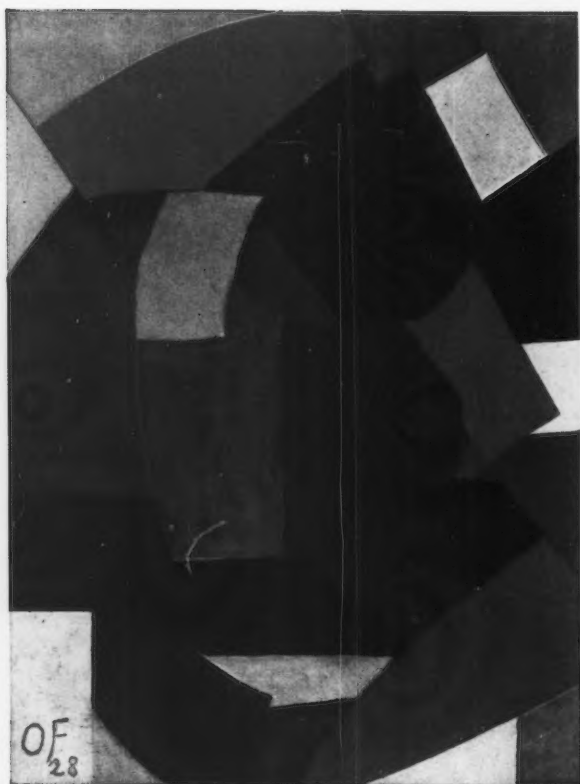
Freundlich, an artist more often written about than shown here, and there are also two works by the American painter Patrick Henry Bruce. There is an excellent collage, from 1924, by the Belgian artist Victor Servranckx, a group of prewar paintings from Poland, characteristic works from most of the Neo-Plasticists here and abroad, a heavy representation of all the reigning monarchs of the Parisian school (including more than a few ladies-in-waiting), pictures from Yugoslavia, Scandinavia and Germany—I mention all this to indicate the scope of the whole enterprise. There are a few unexplained omissions which immediately come to mind, particularly Ilya Bolotowsky in this country and Victor Pasmore in England. By and large, the English have been given the least attentive treatment. Had Ben Nicholson been represented by one of his white reliefs of the thirties, he would surely have been included among the "Pioneers"; as it is, his commonplace *Composition* of 1942 settles for an undistinguished place in the multitude of "Contemporaries." And speaking of pioneers, a place might have been found for one of Léger's 1913 *Contrast of Forms*. Even though he himself developed other interests subsequently, that particular phase of Léger's *oeuvre* holds an important place in the history of the constructionist idea.

The virtue of this exhibition is that, omissions and accidents of selection notwithstanding, it presents us with the *fact* of an entire modern tradition we have tended to lose sight of. It does not, I think, compel us to make any fundamental change in our estimate of the major painters involved. The few leaders one always took to be superior remain so in this historical grouping. Moreover, one's impression is confirmed that this tradition produced only one painter of genius: Mondrian. And in Mondrian's case it must be noted that it was the painter who created the style, and not the style the painter—a distinction of decided interest for an art whose *raison d'être* was, in part, the desire to establish a transmissible pictorial convention.

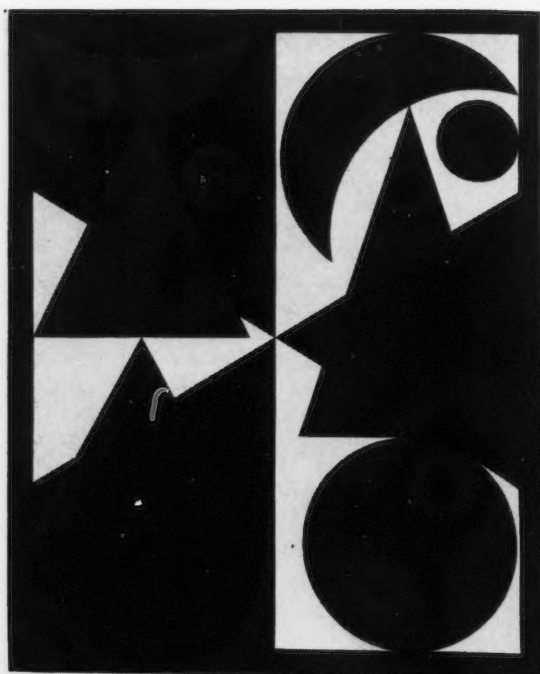
**N**ow it is precisely this ambition to create a new *convention* of pictorial art which hovers over this exhibition, and imparts to it a peculiar atmosphere. Considering the *révolté* nature of modernism as a whole, it is an odd and uncharacteristic ambition, an ambition which separates the geometrical painters from their contemporaries in other styles. In the context of the modern movement they stand alone in their willingness to set up strict rules of procedure; they are unique in their adherence to pictorial goals that are capable of exact definition. Every other notable style in the modernist spectrum aims at a release from the ties of convention in order to be on its own, free from distracting obligations not immediately relevant to its expressive task, whereas the geometrical style strives for the very opposite: the imposition of a new convention which will rescue the work of art from the hazards of free expression and personal fancy. Its ambition in this respect separates pure geometrical painting from even its closest allies in the freer constructionist idioms which make up a large part of the current exhibition.

What we have in "Construction and Geometry in Painting" is thus not one, but *two* exhibitions, an exhibition within an exhibition: a solid citadel of true geometrical painting surrounded by individual wayfarers of varying talents and beliefs who have left behind the comfortable, knowable world of Analytic Cubism only to find themselves wandering about in a pictorial no-man's-land. Compared to the orthodox geometers, only a very few constructionists really survive in this wilderness without taking refuge in sculpture or in some form of pseudo-painting which is actually a euphemism for sculpture. Even the gifted M. Vasarely, with all his optical high jinks, is a sculptor *manqué*, and one of the finest of the non-geometrical American

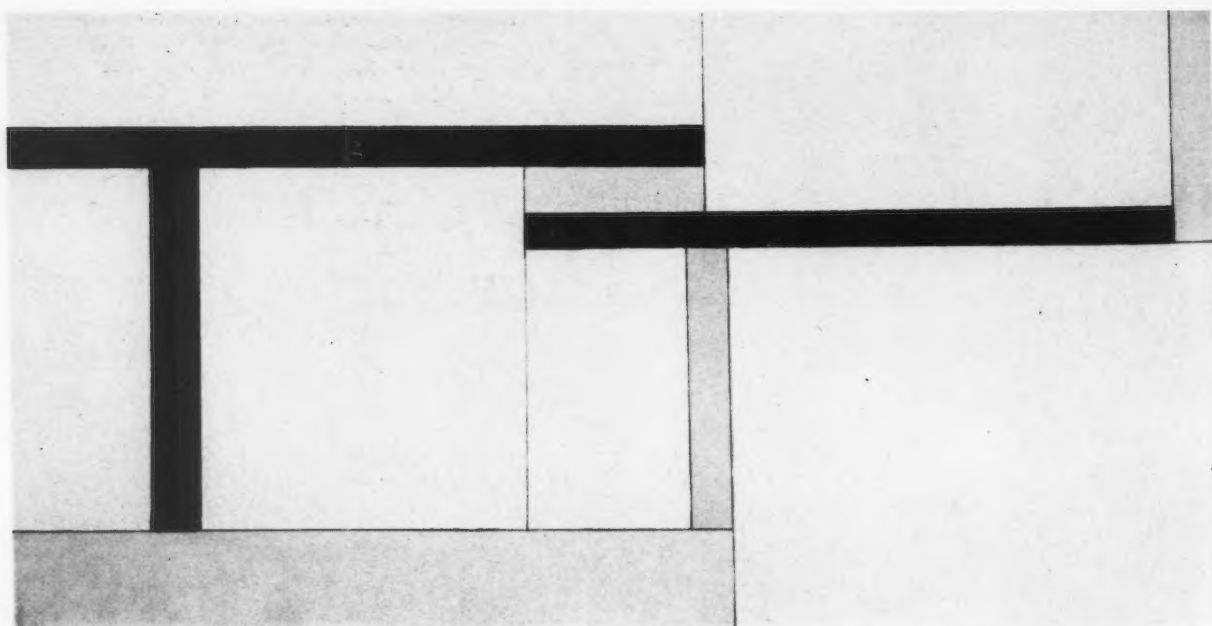
# Constructing the Absolute



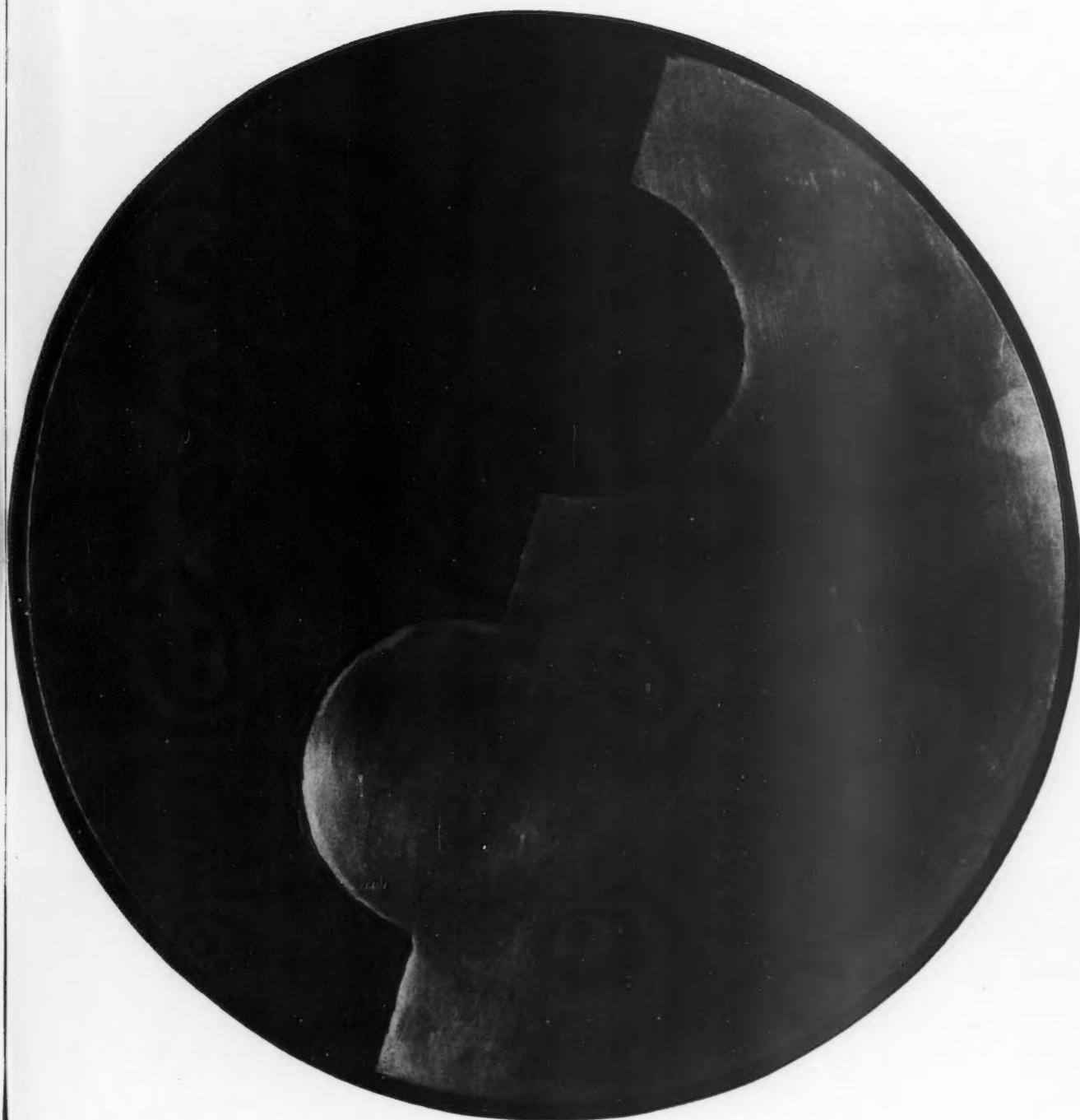
Otto Freundlich,  
*Composition* (1928), pastel;  
courtesy Galerie Chalette, New York.



Auguste Herbin,  
*Rose* (1956).



Georges Vantongerloo,  
*L+2L=S* (1933).



Leon Polk Smith,  
*Composition 1100* (1959).

works in the exhibition is, in fact, a small painted-metal wall sculpture by Leon Polk Smith, entitled *Composition 1100*. Even, alas, the pedagogical Mr. Albers, who gives every appearance of being a pure painter, juggles his optical effects to a point where they cross the boundary into sculptural illusionism. To the extent that constructionist painting raises no purely pictorial issue, but instead proliferates an *illusion* of real constructed forms, it is a euphemistic mode of sculpture—a kind of scenario for constructed sculpture in an unrealized state.

This distinction between the pictorial and the sculptural is

no mere juggling of categories. It was left to Mondrian to create not only a style but an entire convention in terms of which pictorial art could perpetuate itself in the aftermath of Cubism without surrendering to personal fantasy. He accomplished this by removing the burden of expression from the invention of forms to their pure relations, and he was able to effect this change by reducing the repertory of pictorial materials to those minimal few which seemed the most impersonal and immutable—e.g., the right angle, primary color and so on. Mondrian succeeded brilliantly in his own work, but it is a question whether



## Constructing the Absolute

he actually did succeed in setting up a viable convention for his followers. Looking at the three examples of Burgoyne Diller in the Chalette exhibition, one feels for a moment that he did succeed completely, for in Diller's art the relation of convention to personal vision strikes one as absolutely perfect. One sees the authority for everything in the older artist, yet the younger has absorbed and perfected the language to a point where it is all his own. One sees the relation of these two artists at a glance, but there is never any confusion or discrepancy in their identities. They are different generations inhabiting the same world. Beyond Diller's work, one's confidence begins to ebb. This is true not only because so much of the other work is aesthetically inferior, but particularly because of the way in which it fails. The irony which hangs like a cloud over the art of Mondrian's followers is that they proved to be so vulnerable to all the fussy little personal twists, the neurotic romanticism and niggling variations of temperament, which the whole convention of Neo-Plasticism was designed to abolish.

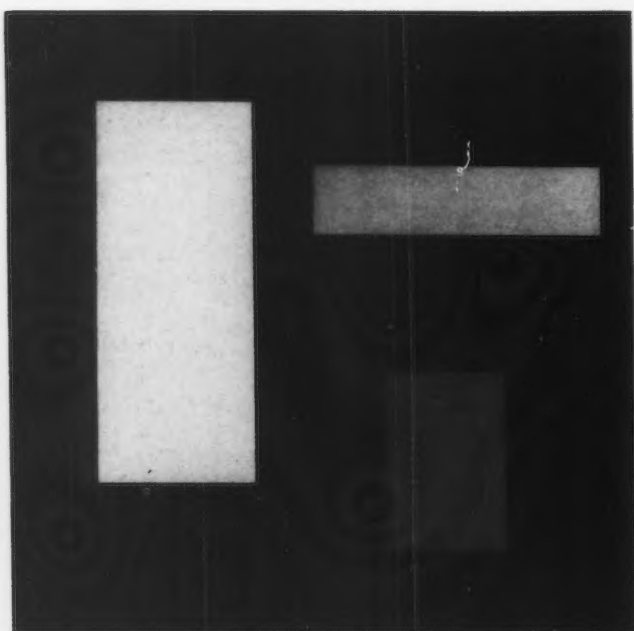
**M**ONDRIAN, we know, had the courage to base his art on the absolute once he had fully apprehended it. He yearned to divest his art of personal idiosyncrasy. He was completely intent on constructing an absolute basis for pictorial expression—and yet, how very few followed him in this ideal! As we look around this exhibition we find it as romantic in its way as any other collection of twentieth-century art. Only a handful have persevered in the impersonal ideal; the majority have turned the idiom back to the enemy, and made something "personal" of it in the worst sense.

The goal of constructing an absolute expression removed from

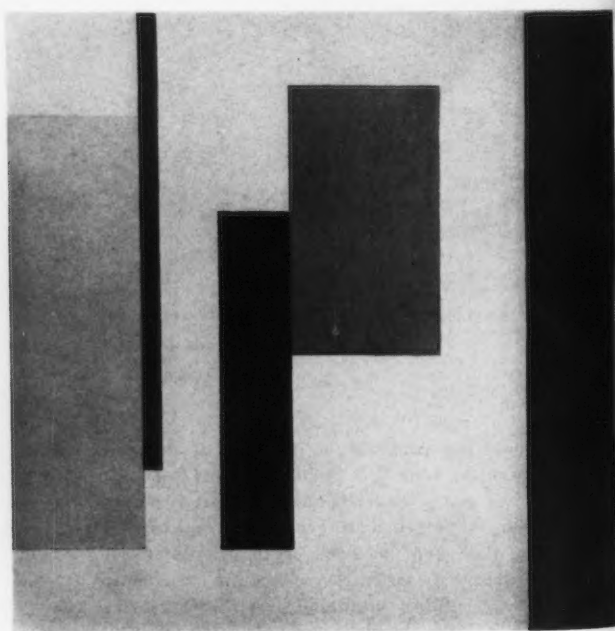
the contingencies of personality was not Mondrian's alone, though he was surely its purest exponent. In one degree or another it was shared by Malevich, Moholy-Nagy, Van Doesburg and Vantongerloo, and it may be for this reason that they tend to be more interesting than some of the other, more relaxed exhibitors. In the biography she wrote of her late husband, Mrs. Sibyl Moholy-Nagy tells a story which illustrates the extremes to which this ideal of the impersonal led:

"As a climax to this self-effacing objectivity, Moholy painted three pictures by telephone. He had to prove to himself the supra-individualism of the Constructivist concept, the existence of objective visual values, independent of the artist's inspiration and his specific *peinture*. He dictated his painting to the foreman of a sign factory, using a color chart and an order blank of graph paper to specify the location of form elements and their exact hue. The transmitted sketch was executed in three different sizes to demonstrate through modifications of density and space relationships the importance of structure and its emotional impact."

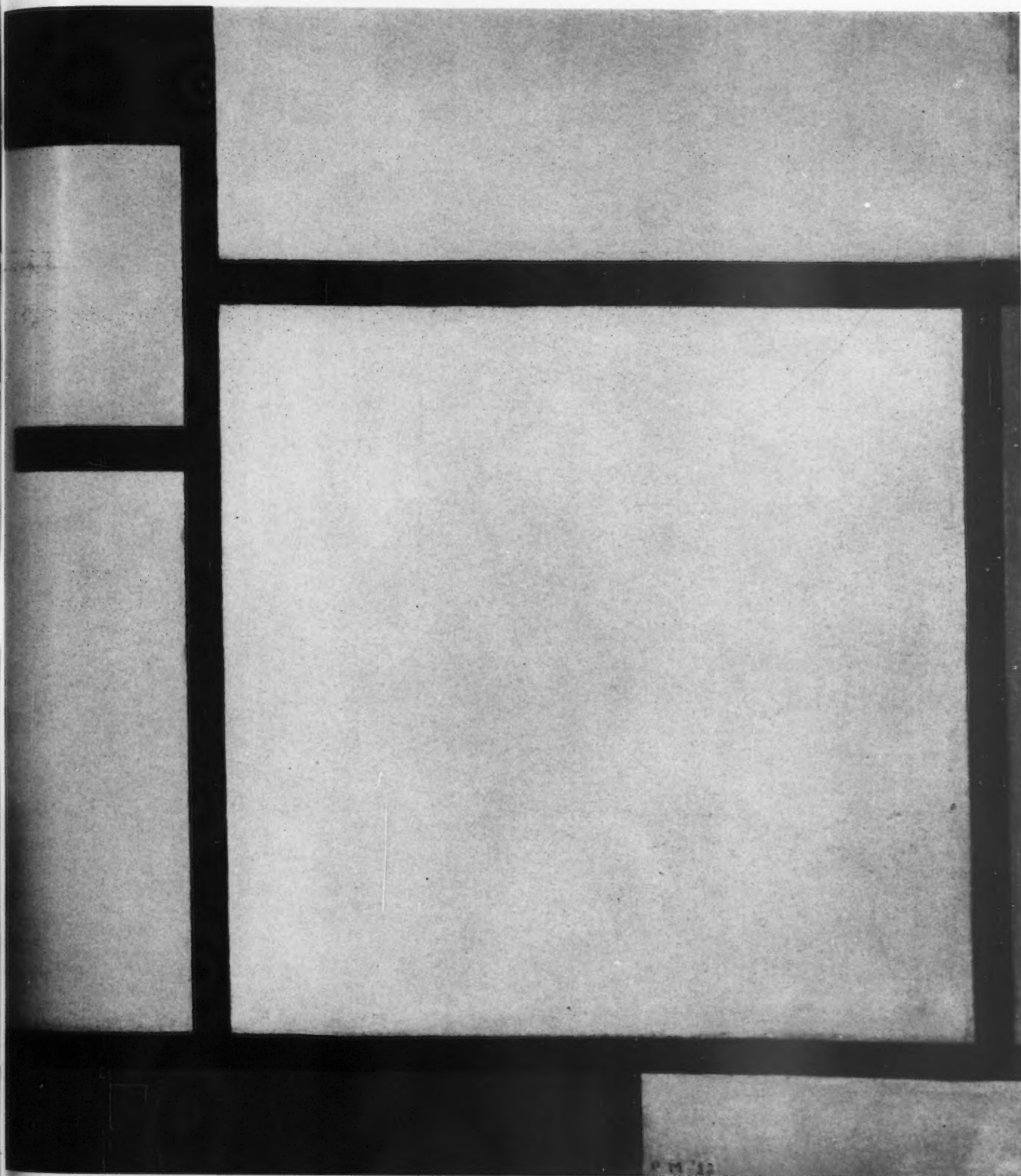
We may want to laugh at this story, or shake our heads in despair, but it clearly dramatizes a faith in the impersonal function of pictorial art and an optimism about the universal communicability of pictorial values which are the exact opposite of the compulsive neuroticism which characterizes so much of current painting. This faith in the absolute was, in a peculiar and subtle way, a faith that *others* exist, whereas a great deal of the free-form painting of our time issues from the neurotic need of artists to reassure themselves that *they* exist. The loss of faith in the pictorial absolute has thus been to some extent a loss of faith in the social function of art—which is to say, a loss of faith in society itself.



Burgoyne Diller,  
*Composition* (1933-34).



Burgoyne Diller,  
*First Theme No. 33* (1943).



Piet Mondrian,  
*Composition* (1922).



El Greco, *St. Bartholomew*; collection El Greco Museum, Toledo.



# Spanish Masters in Stockholm

A foreign ambience

throws into relief the particular characteristics of Peninsular art — stern, austere and lonely.

BY VERNON YOUNG

ANDRE MALRAUX'S "imaginary museum" where, freed from the burden of context, we may pass in review the masterpieces of the world and occupy ourselves with none but the unconditioned aesthetic emotion, is an image more suggestive than plausible—perhaps more ideal than desirable. Paintings must still be looked at in specific galleries and museums under various conditions of lighting, décor and social milieu. Thousands of them in Europe must be seen in churches, baptisteries and palaces. Where you see them may not (or should not) affect your judgment of them as paintings, but it will certainly affect the quality of your total experience of art, which had better be something more than a neutral analysis of plastic form. To claim that Giotto's paintings in the Arena Chapel or at Assisi would convey precisely the same experience in the secular décor of the Brera or of any museum anywhere comparably equipped is a fatuity of which I hope no "disengaged" critic is actually guilty. Malraux wasn't.

Ergo: "Great Spanish Masters," the exhibition on view at the National Museum in Stockholm from December to March. The show was selective rather than comprehensive, and the superlative items in the temporary collection were sufficiently conspicuous to stimulate anew this writer's interest in Spanish art, as in no other milieu they could have: in this milieu they raised questions concerning the relativity of the aesthetic experience, as well as of the aesthetic deed. I trust that my attempt to summarize these questions will justify my reporting an event not labeled "Of International Importance."

The local reception of the show, widely favorable, was characteristic of the situation in art criticism here, a good thirty years behind international standards of evaluation (not necessarily a bad thing, but in this area it's too often a stilted rear-guard action). With exceptions allowed for, the majority of articulate observers was most readily seduced by the qualities of conservatism, formal economy and chromatic moderation they discovered in the show as a whole. Praise from the "advanced" critics was most voluble for the *bodegone* (kitchen still-life) paintings of Juan Sánchez Cotán (1561-1627) and of Zurbarán and his school, of Zurbarán's figure paintings (largely from the 1630's) and of Velásquez (who was best represented by his jeweled portrait of Princess Margareta, a smaller version of that sovereign painting at the Kunsthistorisches in Vienna). Cotán's still lifes were especially favored for their reticent clarity, with the authoritative help of quotations from Gertrude Stein, while Zurbarán seems alternately to have impressed Swedish viewers with his austerity and disturbed them by his fervor. Forms sparingly (if wonderfully) disposed in shallow, muted space: these constituted the *beau idéal* of the occasion. Just as a professor in a Texas college is likely to be more pedantic than a Harvard man, the Swedish art connoisseur is nothing if not "modern." The national claim to inclusion in the annals of painting is postulated on two nineteenth-century Romantics, both of whom went mad. Fol-

lowing a period of simply awful post-Munch Expressionism, Swedish painters and critics in the twenties settled for Disciplined Painting, with no relish of the irony that Hill, Josephson and the Muncheans were deficient not because they were over-emotional but because they were second-rate painters. The misconception prevails. Swedish painters paint with their heads—Concretism, i.e., geometric nonfigurative art, is the advanced mode here—and like the critics they respect all art which appears to have been arrived at by an act of will and of cerebral enterprise. They confuse the ordering of emotion with its absence: hence their generously biased appreciation of the Spaniards. (Of course, the art of El Greco and of Goya could with difficulty be approached from the same direction, but who dares not to admire El Greco? As for Goya, the man who chronicled the follies of man and the disasters of his wars is a safe bet in a doggedly pacifist country.)

To praise painters for fractional reasons is the continuing privilege of every generation which reinstates an artist of the past for its own aggrandizement or nutrition. Christian Zervos once claimed Zurbarán as a "modern" (always a way of saying, "one of us") by reference to the painter's vitality, his dryness and precision, his lack of pathos (!), his search for the means of conveying his art with maximum sobriety—and by his large areas of dominant color. Which just about covers everything, except the possibility of error. It condescends to admit Zurbarán into the contemporary Pantheon (the particular one Zervos was exploiting at the moment) on the condition that all his painting which doesn't support Zervos' description is ignored and on the more insulting condition that you disregard the meaning of Zurbarán's life in art. Presumably the officers of Napoleon's Peninsular Army who admired Zurbarán's pictures so extravagantly that they carted them off by the score from Seville (the initial circumstance to which posterity owes the rediscovery of the painter) were inspired by a simple Romanticism which is no more "old hat" than Zervos' particular sponsorship. The nice touch is that Zurbarán's reputation was salvaged by such divergent partisans. And the man himself might have been shocked by the adulation of both their houses!

THE ZURBARAN style to which Zervos alluded (the principal one on view at Stockholm) was that of his best but not culminating period, a style, moreover, of which he steadily lost control. His quest of monumental sobriety was not sustained, and it's doubtful that it was ever a single-minded dedication to painterly values alone. Between 1626 and 1639 Zurbarán painted pictures for religious orders whose members wore white robes, and we may be sure that his devout purpose was to picture these monks as nobly as possible. Practice and zeal improved his hand and refined his consciousness, but he was less successful when he painted female saints. The *Marina* of Gothenburg's Art Museum and the *Sainte Apolline* at the Louvre are alike



Sánchez Cotán, *Kitchen Still Life*; collection Granada Museum.

in the uncanny finesse with which Zurbarán discriminated between *stuffs*, between the dry gloss of a jacket, the brittle embossing of a brocade and the shaggy nap of soft wool, undulant with rosy light. But these paintings have more texture than complete character. His singularity depended on a more dramatic fusion of the expressive and the decorative, and this he seems to have effected with greater confidence when painting monks and saints and still lifes. Pathos was in fact a motive which strongly inspired his gallery of sculptured saints; pathos in his domestic life (following the death of his wife in 1639) has been advanced as the certain answer to the decrease in his production and his loss of development under the regrettable influence of the "tender" Murillo during the last fifteen years of his career. The *St. Francis in Meditation* of 1658-60 (Munich, Pinakothek), a temporarily striking recovery from that phase, suggests what a mighty painter he should have become had he been as stoical as Zervos supposed.

As it is, Zurbarán was far from being a great painter. He lacked invention, versatility and independence. He wavered when confronted by influential modes (his polychrome *Adoration of the Shepherds* at Grenoble is beautifully composed and modulated, but it's a synthetic departure); he did his best when concentrated on an object whose inner silence he alone could hear. Thus he acquired the manner which at times has the

authority of a style, chiefly in the "white paintings," some still lifes and in the more somber figures of the forties, before his decline, when the ubiquity of death haunted him and evoked those brown and gray-shadowed penitents—immobile, burnished and utterly alone. Théophile Gautier was moved to describe them as "phantoms who in the shade glide silently through the narrows of death."

What struck me anew, because in this exhibition each mutation of four centuries of painting was clearly if scantily defined, was the uniform integrity of Spanish art. From Sánchez Cotán, to go no further back, to Goya, there is a consistency of appeal *as painting*, a consistency to be accounted for, beyond the skill of any individual painter, by the indomitable hauteur of the Spanish sensibility. With no Classical Revival or Reformation to augment or check its native character, Spanish art remained sternly intact, holding itself aloof from the foreign influences it disdainfully sampled. Excess and multiplicity alike it either rejected or compensated for by a further retreat into the realm of tempered plasticity. In a sense *all* Spanish painting is still life: there is no nature in it, little atmosphere, scarcely any movement (before Goya), and damned little joy. The Spaniard faced even the world of things with assumptions of piety; he transfigured objects not by amplifying their possibilities but by intensifying their values. He was, and is, a realist with strong

metaphysical reservations. Bartolomé de Cárdenas, called "Bermejo" (Redhead), who introduced oil painting into Spain from Flanders at the moment when the expulsion of the Moors cleared the peninsula for an untrammelled Catholic Spain, needed no Northern example for depicting the episodes of the Passion with cruel literalism. His predecessors, the Primitives (inadequately assembled at Stockholm; the Philadelphia Museum is a mine by contrast), had already done so. He is remarkable for his fusion of physical naturalism with a decoratively mastered surface. In his *Christ at the Tomb* (sent to Stockholm from a private source in Barcelona), the enveloping light dematerializes the nether limbs of the angel and the broken anatomy of Christ, otherwise incarnated with brutal candor. The purified still-life of the *bodegona* artist is already visible in the transparency of the chalice in the right-hand corner. A century later, Cotán, with dry brush and monochromes of russet-laden ocher or sage, was initiating that further purification whereby the space around objects acquired the greatest possible mystery from being rendered as impenetrable, while the objects—celery, carrots, a pewter jug—modeled to project from the frontal plane, assumed an air of the occult. After 1612 Cotán retired to a Carthusian monastery for the rest of his life.

**M**ALRAUX declared that the Dutch may not have been the first to paint a fish on a plate but that they were the first to avoid treating it as if it were food for the Apostles. A charming aphorism, intended as a compliment. The value of the Spanish painters who succeeded Cotán (many of whom, like him, were religious recluses) is that they *did* paint fish on a plate—and the plate itself—as food for Apostles! If Willem Claesz Heda, Baugin and Chardin painted kitchen objects to make them look real, the Spanish may be said to have painted them to reveal them as lonely. (According to Martin S. Soria's description, Pacheco's painting academy at the turn of the seventeenth century taught naturalism in the service of spirituality.) Vis-à-vis his subject, the Spanish realist had a fanatical regard for its crystalline essentials and a metaphysical solicitation for its role in the eternal drama of appearances. In what respect can this apply to El Greco?

I wonder if Herbert Read still believes, as he wrote in *The Meaning of Art*, that El Greco was "more essentially Spanish than Velázquez"? More Spanish or more mystical? That "something in his tragic conception of life was sympathetic to the Spanish soul" is unarguable. Likewise, something in the Spanish soul was sympathetic toward his tragic conception, and his style! His popularity in the Spain of his time was no doubt that of an exotic. Yet wasn't he an exception in Spanish painting, rather than its quintessence? Realism was tempered but never abandoned in Spain. Space remained categorical, not "natural." The Unknown Masters of the fifteenth century who posed their Apostles and Marias flatly on gilded and mosaic surfaces in the International Gothic style dominated the ensuing century in which an *estofado* sculptor (i.e., of crucifixes) like Antonio Mohedano was as influential as the Flemish tutors in Seville. They are re-echoed, less obviously, by the most dispassionate of all great masters, Velázquez, who was possible only in a country where artists continued to paint as if God alone were permitted to edit phenomena. The white in Zurbarán is not mystical: it has a high creamy saturation and overpowers by a spectacular filling in of the picture frame with fluted mass. Mystical drama he created by attitudes and clean chiaroscuro. The *Brother Geronimo Perez* in Stockholm was not one of his highest-keyed paintings in this manner, but it did illustrate his expert tactile values. El Greco's white, in the *St. Bartholomew*, for instance, is less tactile than kinetic—and thin, like a snow-cloud breaking up. The facture seems etiolated, as if in a dis-



Velázquez, *Princess Margareta*; collection Duke of Alba, Madrid.



Bartolomé Bermejo, *Christ at the Tomb*; collection D. Miguel Mateu, Barcelona.



## Spanish Masters in Stockholm



El Greco, *Birth of Christ*; collection Hospital de la Caridad, Illescas.



Luis Meléndez, *Kitchen Still Life*; collection Prado, Madrid.

integrating chromosome mass the pigment were being leached, even while disintegration was itself the animating force. Whatever light it possesses appears not to have been painted but self-generated—an impression even more compelling in the circular *Birth of Christ* (painted for the ceiling of a hospital in Illescas), where the cloth bearing the Infant glows phosphorescently and defines the volatile contours of Joseph and Mary.

Which is why only El Greco among Spanish masters can with confidence be called Baroque. The nervous mobility of volumes in lambent space was not the province of his Spanish contemporaries. Zurbarán's attempts at active depth (as in the Hercules paintings here) did not engage me—there was something gratuitous about their effort. Baroque illusionism in Spain was reserved for architecture, where the Saracenic example of abundant decoration had prepared the way. In painting, Jusepe Ribera was the only native son who fully embraced Italian Baroque and Caravaggio; he stayed in Naples for the greater part of his life. Yet among the many pictures from his hand displayed at Stockholm, a half-dozen support the evidence of the "clubfoot boy" picture in the Louvre, evidence that when Ribera returned in spirit to Spanish gravity and the single, co-ordinated subject, painted in low-keyed wine-and-leather harmonies, he did his finest work.

By reference to the Stockholm event one could never convince anyone that Goya was a great painter, for in a sizable galleryful of his portraits and genre pictures there wasn't a single masterpiece. But the graphics were superbly displayed and lighted: the media were extensively covered (*Los Caprichos*, *Los Proverbios* and a sheaf of drawings came from the Biblioteca Nacional and the Prado), and photographic blowups emphasized the marvelous generalizations of his form together with his fiendishly sharp individualizing power. Goya finally repudiated France with more than aquatint diatribes against her invading army. He summarized Spanish art by drawing from its not-abundant means all its inferences: the blood-striped candor of Bermejo, Ximenez and the *estofado* artists; the sensuous aridity of Cotán; the firmness of Zurbarán at his most disciplined; the stern elegance of Velásquez. He added a freer handling of line and surface. He contributed the mounting fury in his heart. His great portraits are as relentless as inquisitions, and sometimes as translucent as the grapes and glasses of Luis Meléndez. His etchings and aquatints, from the *Caprices* to the *Bullfights*, develop with vindictive refinement and technical skill an arraignment not simply of social folly, political corruption and the bestiality of war, but of Continental man, no less. As Spaniards always had and always will, he repudiated Europe—and in so doing became one of its greatest spirits.

**A**S I SAID in my introduction, where you see paintings makes a difference to your reception of them, even if extrinsic factors (such as the building itself or an inhospitable social environment) return you to a closer scrutiny of them as paint on canvas. Among a people quite without that visual enthusiasm Proust believed to be perhaps the highest virtue in man, one was more urgently persuaded by the artists of a country, also puritan in its way, which yet produced, under the pressure of a unifying principle, paintings distinguished by zeal, introspection and nuance. The thirteenth-century crucifixes in the Gothic Room of the National Museum of Antiquities in Stockholm are the only major art-forms of Sweden. If the sources of artistic energy are too various for generalization, except after the fact, we can at the very least say that an artist of significance is a man obsessed by his vision of certain objects (true for Vermeer as for El Greco); and obsession is a human passion, not a disengaged function of the mind.

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# MONTH IN REVIEW

BY GEORGE DENNISON

CONTEMPORARY painting has occasioned a lot of talk about *pure plastic values*—a good bit of which originated with the artists themselves. But the art has proven itself so vigorously, and there is now so much of it, both good and bad, that it is clear the best abstract painters are those who “say” a lot, who feel a lot, who capture important experience and find eloquent terms. Of course they do it with paint, so I suppose it’s plastic, but they certainly do not do it by manipulating *plastic values*—the proof of which is that the abstract style has turned out to be a difficult style to work in, not an easy one: it reveals a paucity of feeling, or of conception, or intelligence, or daring, as readily as representational painting; and conversely, it is as personally descriptive as might be desired. When the dust settles from the huge activity of the present heyday in New York (but this is rhetorical; the heyday was ten years ago)—let us forget the dust: it is quite evident that most of the work on the current scene is an imitation of half a dozen intensely personal styles. No doubt the imitation is important, for it will lead to new images, but in the meantime it is clear that *plastic values* simply are not transferable from one painter to another: only those can use them who are capable of digesting the embodied human values, and such a use is always a transformation, so that in fact the one thing that is never transferred, *per se*, is *plastic value*. (The human value, on the other hand, passes from one to another—in precisely which way the artists of all media are the guardians and transmitters of culture, and art itself is profoundly conservative.)

And yet it does make some sense when artists speak among themselves of plastic value, for then it’s shoptalk, and there is an implied understanding that they are all a little crazy: the word “red” does not refer merely to a color, but to a highway that goes down the middle of the psyche. In the late forties, when such talk was especially rife (and most meaningful), it played a positive role which by now has vanished. The notion of pure plastic values served as a smoke screen (this too was

shoptalk, but passed unrecognized; such is the hunger of critics to think like artists)—a smoke screen that gave protection at a time of discovery, of poking around and running risks. At such a time it’s a good idea not to refer directly to a creative process which needs to establish itself in new terms, needs to be *well* established before exposing itself to the jealous demands of the old ones. The protective ritual tends to be justified by the emergence of the new form; and it tends to fall away as the new work is accepted. In fact there is a growing need—expressed more by the older artists than the younger ones—for an aesthetic that will make sense of recent experience, *not* as an explication, but as a response, the kind of response that preserves the necessary dialogue between the artist and his audience. For in many ways the best abstract art has had no audience, only champions—champions ringing it protectively and showing the artist the backs of their heads. It is the younger painters who have suffered most from this militant in-group, for the idea of *plastic values* has entered the general vocabulary, debauching the public (what a dry debauch!) via critics and museums, transforming the lightheaded ticklishness of girls and boys into a lightheaded sobriety that does nobody any good, least of all the artist who is applauded because his work comes closest to being painted tomorrow. It is as if the younger generation have inherited only the purity of the notion that was passed around by their elders. Tenth Street, in the meantime, is secure as the most boring Left Bank in history, while the Cedar Bar has become the *Underground* of the Lion’s Den at Columbia.

Now I want to say that these dire considerations were both highlighted and mitigated by the Philip Evergood retrospective at the Whitney (through May 22). Highlighted because Evergood has been extraordinarily unfashionable, has been and *is* unlike everything I have just described. And mitigated because of the lively pleasure his work afforded.

Evergood is representational; his work is frequently narrative, sometimes didactic; it is always explicitly (though not *merely*) significant. And though my own penchant has been for abstract art, I found these paintings (especially in this big array) exciting, rewarding, and liberating. In the New York of today, it was positively encouraging to see so much earnestness and such a robust response to life. What these paintings forced upon me was an immediate readjustment in my sense of “our period”: it is more commodious than I had supposed.

It was encouraging, for instance, to see that a man, at this late date, can still use prototypes and narrative ideas in his work simply by *putting them there*, the way a child does. Eisenhower’s silly grin, for example—what a curious meaning it has for us! (What European could understand our complicated response?) Evergood paints it into a picture that I find hilarious, hilarious in the most intelligent and provocative way, a picture called *The Enigma of the Collective American Soul*. (It has Churchill, too—which is a stroke of genius.) The hilarity of this picture recalls the frenzied comedy of Dostoevski; it is an exquisitely manic leap-in-chains on a platform of solidified grief and rage. It is not cathartic—and to my mind it is not high art—but it is extraordinary, a super-intelligent yet wild glee that triumphs in the fact that it remains alive under all conditions. This is not Evergood’s characteristic expression, and yet it is present in maybe half a dozen works of this big show.

The most striking thing about Evergood’s work is the quality of his vision, which is a very lively mixture of observation and invention, of intelligence and feeling, and of simultaneous reference to the real and the ideal. It is a vision of impressive range and flexibility. I can think of no other painter, in fact, whose responses to contemporary life are more revealing and



*Moon Maiden* (1944); collection Mrs. Bella Fishko.





*American Shrimp Girl* (1954); collection Joseph H. Hirshhorn.  
Reproduced works all currently at the Whitney Museum.

## MONTH IN REVIEW

provocative than his. If one compares his relatively didactic work of the thirties, for instance, to the traits of Social Realism that have fallen into disrepute (and rightly so), one finds an important difference. Taken as a school, Social Realism turned out to be very boring because it merely *claimed* a superior reality while at the same time it stifled aesthetic invention under a burden of short-range goals. Evergood, however, seems to have taken that program—quite correctly—as an aesthetic device, a method, an invention; as such it is no more real than Cubism, and is quite likely more idiosyncratic. He handles it, then, for its aesthetic potential. The subjects belong to life rather than to the school, and the crux of the matter lies not in attitude but quality: are the insights true, the event important, the feeling strong?

Evergood's painting is anecdotal and occasional, and therefore it is rewarding to see a lot of it at once. Then there is a long-range flow of emotion, and thought, and concern, together with specific events—and the most tangible web of sensibility is laid out before us. His occasions and moods are various. Some are domestic, some political, others fantastic, and still others socio-philosophical. The attack is equally various, ranging from harsh to tender, from mocking to angry, and from erotic to tragic. There are several paintings, too, which abound in a fierce compassion that I find very moving, such as the portrait of his mother, with its unblinking acceptance of the estrangement at the heart of the closest relations.

Even the most didactic of Evergood's works are complex. His early *American Tragedy*, for instance, which is a scene of strikers attacked by brutal police, is more than a simple protest and appeal for action: it has the clarity and disproportion of

nightmares and obsessive images, and it compresses into one expression a number of feelings which we do in fact experience together (however contradictory they may be), but which we rarely find linked together in political theory. The much later *Moon Maiden*, though it has elements of the cartoon, is another example of the organic development of idea. The web of human motives here is so dense that the didactic element is absorbed into the richness of the humor and the pathos and the irony. It is a scene of luminous dusk (acidly, sourly luminous); a glamour girl floats hugely in the sky, or rather in her own imagined apotheosis (so we judge by her painfully dreaming eyes)—and yet she is really desirable: the yellow bees at her thighs are a pointed simile for the tuxedoed playboys perched like sparrows on the telephone wires behind her. Down below, some proletarians gaze through the bars of a cell, while a couple of hoboes doze on a bench. Floating high above it all, most out of reach, is the globe of the moon with the Statue of Liberty inside. Schematically the painting is harsh, but in fact it is without malice; rather it is disinterested—simply fascinated by the curious elements of the human comedy, and specifically our American one. It seems likely that Evergood began with an idea, and then was propelled beyond it by the proliferation of his own feelings. The still later *Passing Show* (1951) is another work of obvious "reference," but it is not so easy to say what the reference is. In this picture a big Negro man sits on the curb in front of the Five and Ten. White women—they are lumpy, careworn housewives—pass to and fro in transparent skirts that reveal their garter belts and stockings. The man is not looking at them, but is gazing away contemplatively. In the abstract it is full of "issues"; race, class, etc. But here, as elsewhere, it is Evergood's virtue (an artist's virtue, rarely a sociologist's) to see that money is erotic, class is erotic, power is erotic; that money is physical, class is physical, power is physical; that "money," "class" and "power" are ideal conceptions—and that ideal conceptions themselves have their own physicality. There is a hovering atmosphere, in this painting, of the feverish dream people must penetrate in order to touch each other.

THERE is a good deal of the cartoonist in Evergood, as there is in Daumier and Grosz, and occasionally his work suffers from the lack of aesthetic flesh. But more frequently the cartoon elements are used brilliantly. His wit, unlike Daumier's, which is penetrating and triumphant, is diffusive; it tends to evolve into humor, or to step back into technique out of deference to emotion. (Evergood's colors are among the most personal and successfully eccentric on the scene today.) His intelligence has that quality which is often called instinctive—frequently misunderstood as "unaware"; it is simply the disarming clatter of the senses, neither lagging the insight nor preceding it, but going in a body like a good brass band. And because of the responsive range of his intelligence, one takes a picaresque pleasure in this long succession of paintings.

Evergood's use of types is striking in this connection. They are very well known: the Glamour Girl, the Cool Doll, the Brutal Cop, the Tough Urchin, the Worker, the Magnate, the Playboy, the Farmwife. But where the cartoonist or satirist tends to ridicule the type for being a type, Evergood treats it in depth. When people do, in fact, approximate a type, they are usually guided into their absurdities by some self-image. (Evergood touches this autointoxication very neatly in his handling of gesture and expression.) The self-image itself, however, is a social invention: the person is imagining that others are looking at him in such and such a way—and thus the type is essentially a *situation*: the one who approximates it walks in an aura of imagined responses and roles. It is this situational aspect of the



*Juju as a Wave* (1935-42); collection Joseph H. Hirshhorn.

type that Evergood handles so well—in which handling the harshness passes over into humor and pathos. Too, he is glad to admit the desirability of the desirables, however foolishly people strive for them: the glamour girl really is lovely, in spite of her mirror-image eyes; and the worker's dream of modest self-sufficiency is clearly an energizing wish. In pieces like *American Shrimp Girl*, *Satisfaction in New Jersey* and *Woman of Iowa*, he is not depicting types at all, but is expressing an admiration for intrinsic vitality, together with an indulgent smile at the curious form it takes.

Some of the types that Evergood has used are already passing out of our social currency—and certainly any commentator runs this risk. But on the other hand, a type, rendered in depth, will often pass over into a symbol after its specific lineaments no longer apply. The frock-coated Magnate loses his cartel affiliations and becomes a more general symbol of strife and greed; his face, his top hat, his coat, become theater properties of folklore—like the warts, the robes and the broomstick of the witch, a creature which still signifies, though it be no longer a type of old lady seen in the street.

I HAVE selected only a few aspects of Evergood's work. Some of his best pieces lie quite outside the things I have described. pieces like *Juju as a Wave*, *Portrait of My Mother*, *Happy Entrance*. They are hauntingly sad, full of a bitter tenderness; one reads these faces like an album, or a narrative of the past—and the past is a series of defeats: the defeat of good intentions, of youthful hopes, of domestic ideals; and yet something spirited is preserved, though it is quiet and meek.

When one considers the diverse elements of this work—for it is variously vulgar and sensitive, brash and indirect, harsh and playful, fantastic, didactic, erotic, astringent, sensual—it adds up to an *oeuvre* that captures a feel of American life more directly and powerfully than any other painting of its kind. It is significant, too, that Evergood expresses these qualities rather than depicts them, expresses them in the sometimes garish color, the crowded composition, the knowingly naïve confrontation of detail—and especially in his handling of images, jamming them and overlapping them—sometimes isolating them—always milking them for what they are worth, so that he can produce at will the inexplicable clarity of hallucination, or the indicative certainty of political cartoon, or the diffuse glow of mixed emotions.

Having tromped in and out of galleries all season, and having seen so much that is glamorous and trivial and overblown, I found that this show at the Whitney filled a very immediate need for earnest thought and strong feeling.

But it is not the lack of good painters—there are more than a dozen—that makes New York such a curious place these days. It is the horrible, green-decadent *glamour* of culture—the fashionable galleries, magazines and theaters. Everything seems to be exciting and yet nothing makes any difference. Nor am I in the least encouraged by the fact that *industry is buying abstract art*, for to my mind abstract art is an art of crisis—its power is in its extremity—and there is something a little scary about its assimilation into the ladies' magazines. (On the other hand, what *else* can be assimilated?) I am frankly at a loss to judge the total effect of these things. People are not as grim as they were ten years ago (nor are these days as creative as those), and yet an honest thought is rarer than it ever was, there are ten times too many galleries, and in terms of sheer litter such a quantity has never existed in one place before. Looking back over the season, two things come to mind that are encouraging: the Milton Resnick show at the Wise Gallery, and this present show at the Whitney of Philip Evergood.



*The Garden of Betty Mae* (1958); collection Alfredo Valente.



*The Kleinholz Family*; collection Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kleinholz.



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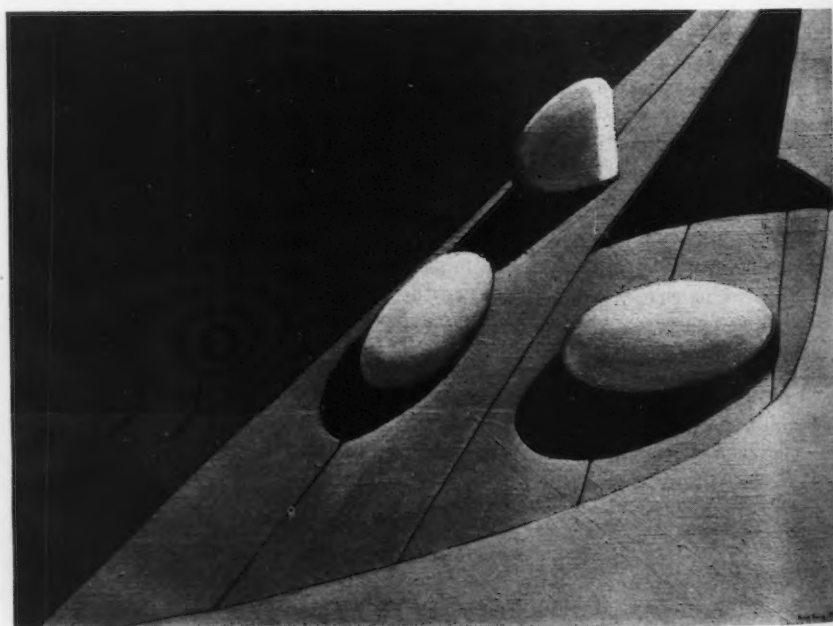
# Margaret Breuning:

A Kay Sage retrospective . . . "Summer Landscapes" . . . the artist-explorer Stokes . . . Bentley's fantastic world . . . new work by Grigory Gluckmann . . .

A RETROSPECTIVE exhibition of paintings by Kay Sage seems to reflect one preoccupation of our modern world-space, for the sense of forms impinging on infinities of sea and sky is the keynote of her work. Yet this theme is so subtly differentiated on these canvases that each appears a fresh, new conception of the subject. These formalized visions of a Surrealist world convey a mysterious sense of life—the room is empty and the door shutting in one of them, but a bit of colorful garment whisks through its closing way. The large architectural structures are seldom grim or forbidding, for they are open to sun and air; dazzling radiance often floods them, driving out shadows, and gay-colored stuffs hang from railings or peep from the angle of an open door. The impeccable draftsmanship that defines the many intricate forms (or the large simplicity of other designs) is sustained by an ineluctable beauty of brushing of deep, luscious color, set off by the coolness of ashy, slaty or silvery blues and plangent whites. These surfaces betray no brush marks, but seem to have grown into shapes and forms through the action of some natural force. And for those persons (few, I hope) who consider that Miss Sage employs these formalized designs because she cannot portray life and warmth in her paintings, *The Passage* should prove that she can do just that when she so desires. For it shows the figure of a young girl, back to the viewer, seated on some steps, nude to the waist, with blond hair falling over one shoulder, the figure replete with life and vitality of youth, in easy bodily gesture. It seems idle to add that a painter of such gifts continues to show increased technical powers and deeper conceptions. (Viviano, Mar. 28-Apr. 30.)

"SUMMER LANDSCAPES of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries" is the comprehensive title of a Schweitzer Gallery exhibition. The show not only lives up to this promise, but also includes figure pieces of these periods. As the showing was in process of arrangement, it was not possible to see all of this large collection. Of course the *pièce de résistance* is the mural painting attributed to Puvis de Chavannes, *The Workers*. It is carried out with dark tones in rather static composition, recalling the series of murals Puvis executed for Amiens—rigorous in its naturalism, yet touched by a sympathy for the peasants of Picardy. Many Impressionists are included—Jacquot, for instance, who might be called a conventional follower of this technique, and Guillaumin, who carried theories of light to intensity. Pointillists include Henri Cross and Le Sidaner. The American collection is represented in part by a landscape by Wyant, a painter who worked in the closing cycle of the early landscapists, painting what might be termed a theme with variations—for there was little change of subject—faithfully recorded, its naturalism touched by poetic feeling. One of the late canvases of Eilshemius, a nude figure standing near a gushing cascade, is a subject often treated by this artist in his final period. Here also is John Sloan's Western scene of a girl standing near a donkey, carried out in pale crayon. But a brief report cannot suggest the broad range of the showing. (Schweitzer, May 2-30.)

A LOAN exhibition of paintings and drawings by the late Frank Wilbert Stokes—from the National Collection of Fine Arts, the Smithsonian Institution and from private owners—forms a worthy tribute to the artist-explorer. It seems amazing that this painter, who was living only a few years ago, was a friend and pupil of Eakins and a student under a number of noted French artists, including Gérôme and Puvis de Chavannes. He was the first "serious" painter to depict the Antarctic and the first artist to be included as member of four Arctic expeditions. Striving to present a veracious account of these frozen lands and icy seas, he also revealed his own reaction to their awesomeness and isolation. In all the work, the artist sets down with trenchant swiftness and surety of touch the varying hues of deep and



Kay Sage, *The World is Blue*; at Viviano Gallery.

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shore waters, the eerie beauty of the aurora borealis flashing its splendor in a spectral world, the towering mass of an iceberg driven over the stormy waters of the Antarctic by powerful gales. A group of small paintings are actual eyewitnesses of the polar scenes, being made under the most difficult conditions of *plein air* painting—a special technique was required to keep the paint from freezing. The drawings, in charcoal, crayon or pencil with occasional washes, are vigorous, sustaining forms and endowing them with vitality. Both men and women in their bulky garments and heavy boots in careless poses of leisure reveal latent physical powers and in the glance of their faces unmistakable intelligence. One of the most engaging drawings shows an Eskimo driver taking a rest on his journey, slouching down on his sledge as the unharnessed dogs stretch out on the snow. (Meltzer, May 10-June 4.)

IN THE current exhibition of Claude Bentley's paintings, the canvases at first view suggest that they have been produced at full speed with such complete control of brush or palette knife that their intricate designs required no alterations. Yet, on further viewing, one realizes that these paintings have resulted from the artist's deep absorption in those techniques of execution that allow him to shun any implication of creating discernible images. The fantasy of the titles is apparently a means of emphasizing their purely aesthetic motivation. This capricious listing, however, does not affect the pleasure to be gained from viewing the handsome canvases, which depict a fantastic world in brilliant adjustments of form, line and color; strangely juxtaposed forms; reflections on water of objects which are not apparently on the canvas; an accretion of symbols in the painting *Antiguas* that might be taken for cabalistic references to aesthetic experiences. There is a preponderance of black on the canvases, but relieved in many different ways—by flashes of brilliant green and red in *Precious Jewel*, or a discreet mingling of grays, whites and blacks in *Sierra Madre*. Occasionally the artist brushes a background surface so delicately that the grain of the canvas is discernible; then on this area of pale green or white he superimposes, in a heavy, black impasto, a complexity of mass that appears to give movement to the whole painting—a sort of levitation. This upward swing is sometimes attained by the thrust of heavy, black verticals through the canvas. The exhibition affords a delightful and powerful visual experience. (Feingarten, May 3-21.)

RECENT paintings by Grigory Gluckmann display his accustomed virtuosity—appreciable surety in the larger relations of forms, and implicit suggestion of their essential movements, carried out with consummate skill of brushing in luscious color and refinement of modeling. In this exhibition he presents the sensuous charms of ballet figures in swirling *tutus*, but also shows a wider range of interest in *Bathers*—a landscape with figures, a group casually posed and garbed circling a pool in a sylvan scene, the individual figures differentiated enough to lend interest to the design in which they are incorporated, but not enough to impair its unity. Another small landscape, a secluded nook in the Luxembourg Gardens, with its decorative sculpture and verdant turf and sheltering hedge, possesses such delicate modulations of surface and tonal values that it might well be expanded into a large canvas. The outstanding figure piece is not one of the seductive ballet dancers, but *Man with Cello*, realized with such psychological penetration that the musician seems to be one with the instrument as he bends over its tremulous strings. (Milch, Apr. 25-May 14.)



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Frank Lobdell, *April, 1959*; at Martha Jackson Gallery.

## IN THE GALLERIES

**Frank Lobdell:** The present exhibition is Lobdell's first one-man show in New York, though he has been influential on the West Coast for several years. His big abstractions have a great deal in common with Clyfford Still's—especially in the use of enormous areas of one color animated only by the texture of the brush strokes and by an alternating mat and glossy finish. Like Still, too, he sets "islands" of color adrift, sometimes in heavy impasto and always in an asymmetrical, off-center grouping. Lobdell's work is less than Still's, but it is less rhetorical, too; in fact it is characterized by earnestness and a mellow, yet intense Romanticism. His colors tend to be dark and brooding, and the eruption of the quasi-forms occurs with a rich glow that one associates with religious work. Abstraction aside, there is a close relation between Lobdell's work and the small paintings of Rouault's last years. (Jackson, Apr. 19–May 7.)—G.D.

**Jean Atlan:** Although Atlan is considered one of the leading Paris painters and has been shown there since 1944, as well as in London and at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (he is represented in the Museum's collection), this is his first New York one-man exhibition—tragically coinciding with his death at the age of forty-seven. Atlan's entire artistic career has been developed in Paris, but like Henri Michaux he presents

work that is outside the boundaries of what is generally considered French art today. In fact, it fits into no school anywhere. Atlan's paintings are primarily an attempt to fuse abstraction with a vision of the psyche. His world is totemic. His symbolic images have, however, over the last five years become less explicit. The strange birdlike forms and cactuslike plants have evolved to a flora and fauna of Atlan's own creation. These references—like those, for example, of Adolph Gottlieb—are not obtrusive, and not even necessary for the coherence of what look to be pure abstract paintings; they are Atlan's private writings. The form of Atlan's canvases is determined by clearly stated, heavy black-brown bars—which in their solidity and pattern on the canvas look like heavy iron rods bent by extreme force. The colors that these bars enclose on the rough canvas—which looks like burlap—are luminous yellow-blues and hot reds. There has been a continuing increase of this glowing quality. Atlan went from earth colors to sky, but a sky of palpable light. In these recent paintings the colored shapes seem to be a light source in back of the heavy black lines. And the light is as strong as the total form of the pictures. Within the severe limitations of his rigid arabesques, Atlan created an image completely his own, as simple as it is strong. (Contemporaries, Mar. 21–Apr. 9.)—B.B.

**Edward Dugmore:** Monolithic slabs of color extending across surfaces of vast canvases represent only one of Dugmore's intentions—to achieve a visual equivalent of his own formative power through sensory projections of mass and surface. But Dugmore's color is partly a response to anticipated shape—which is Dugmore's other intention. Inseparably, color and shape form together, and though this is true of abstract art in general the formulation is, in Dugmore's case, interesting because it disdains much of the spontaneity usually implied by his extroverted scale. He creates terrestrial vistas out of the cosmology of Still. The masses are locked in the sense of their own articulation even as they carve huge chunks out of the surface. Color must play the game of opposites, but eccentric fitting is designed to confound inevitability, and contrasting tones frequently erupt in the skin of the consuming mass. Three, four and more colors are used as they open channels and fissures in the mass or are draped negligently around certain edges like a shawl that disappears around the back to reach the other shoulder and sometimes trails down the side to be sat on. The action you would expect to get in these sizes never develops. There are passages which gather expectantly, some fragmentation or spotting, flaming contrasts and elegant ones in gold and somber ones with violet and black, but on the whole they are strangely listless works. Shape and color are never a threat to each other. The power of both is unchallenged, and Dugmore's resourcefulness in never letting things get out of hand, though admirable, is ultimately self-defeating. (Wise, Apr. 26–May 21.)—S.T.

**Leonard Baskin:** Can a romantic and Gothic imagination be reconciled with the plain surfaces of modern sculpture? This is just one of the questions raised by Baskin's puzzling talent—puzzling because Baskin should be a far better sculptor than he is. He has an exorbitant talent for direct carving in wood that is dissipated by faulty observation, either by too much of it or not enough. The result is either oversimplification, like most of the standing or seated figures; a cliché like the visceral image of *Gluttony Death*, a small bronze relief of a figure with a distended abdomen, knobby legs and the head of Quasimodo; or superfluous markings as in the grizzled, realistic head of the sculptor Barlach. Usually Baskin's portly figures favor bald pates that are more consonant with the stylized volumes of the torsos. These seek an effect of monumental gravity diffusing torment through a swollen form. In turn this leads to pinched details in the face—weak eyes, characterless noses, taut slits for mouths. This is also true of his drawings. The bulk seems aggravated, but it does not come from the character of the subject. The indescribable slashing of the figure in the large woodcuts which have also to do with death and pain, like the roughly spherical gratuitousness of his style, has an unfocused generosity that avoids the issue of more specific feelings which equate with some attitude toward detail that truly simplifies only in the process of clarifying itself. There are exceptions, notably the small relief of a male nude, *Homage to Gustav Mahler*, which accommodates particularity with simple proportions, though the arms, badly drawn, are lifeless. Also the legs in the figure of Thomas Eakins, which changes its style three times, are more than token realized. These conclusions are reached unhappily, for the man's basic artistry is admirable—particularly today. (Borgenicht, Mar. 15–Apr. 2.)—S.T.

**Philip Evergood:** This exhibition, which runs concurrently with the big retrospective at the Whitney, contains several fine paintings, notably *Mom's Cathedral* and *People in a Park*. Both are characteristic of Evergood, though the latter is rather unusual for the dense and intricate web of color. Several childhood drawings and paintings



are on display here and are of interest chiefly because Evergood's adult work is in many ways so childlike, especially in its forthright appropriation of symbolic and typical gesture. Evergood is discussed at length in the "Month in Review." (ACA., Apr. 11-30.)—G.D.

**Helen Frankenthaler:** Miss Frankenthaler is an artist who all too frequently avoids making decisions, but a steady rate of productivity has a salutary effect on her work almost in spite of herself. "Semiautomatic" most nearly describes her habit of splashing diluted paint on outsized canvases, staining and spotting them or dragging the brush over the surface like a stick in the sand. The part that is not automatic observes the aggregate development, lassoes an outburst with a circle or two, loops lines through tatters she has suddenly lost interest in or boxes in a pair of eyes. After the expansive style of children, she uses color rather graphically, stacking the surface with an impulsiveness that disdains reflection even though it is acutely conscious of its freedom. When exasperation encourages her willfulness, she paints disarming pictures like *The Red Square*, a bedraggled lozenge no less fitful than the surface dimensions that are assaulted by half-unwound colors and shapes. Her exhibition last year was pretty much in this vein, yet there was nothing in that group nearly so fully elaborated as the two works here entitled *Labor Day 1959* and *Five*. In the former she has given an architecture to her inspired spotting, buttressing it with blocks of color, an apse of bare canvas and baroque spreads along the side. The latter is a happy congress of Klee-like shapes, pulled together by an unwavering pulse of improvisation. If one feels this success is partly the product of the law of averages, Miss Frankenthaler in this exhibition shows more willingness in general to challenge those odds personally. (Emmerich, Mar. 28-Apr. 23.)—S.T.

**Jules Olitski:** The blue horizontal relief in a single painting is the remnant of the hummocky style of last year's show. The change is surprising and fortunate. Curiously one has always associated blackness with Olitski's work, even when a painting was predominantly white, so that the present superabounding black comes as a logical shock. The emphatic color against the black, and especially its sharp definition, is completely unexpected. It is somber, abridged by a clarity which tends to warmth, and applied in thin but opaque and substantial paint, apparently a commercial one, which is blunt in finish and in the odd deviation of the colors. The general impression is of power and simplicity, but there are inequalities. The two completely successful paintings—*A Hole to Put My Head Through*, which has an irregular oval of cadmium yellow crossed with yellow ocher, set slightly below center in the black so that its axis establishes a diagonal between the corners; and *Ganiami's Daydream*, which has a forward keen-edged black overlapping a central warm orange, blurred at the edges, both adjoining a darkened cobalt blue—are the only ones to seem somewhat easy: the first because of the immediate perfection of the color and the neat axis, and the second because the black appears to overlap and imply successive planes. The others, in varying degrees of spatial irresolution between the spots and the black, are more unusual and are a greater advance, with that effort's attendant difficulties. Of these, *Lucy* is the most nearly final; a lumpily triangular red trails a trapeziform yellow toward the upper left corner. *Minimum of 1326 on W 70th* is a black wall rising above two kidney shapes at the very bottom. Another painting has one red and three blue circles tumbling in an arc at its top. These forms are clumsy and not altogether in a state of mutual definition with the black; the given terms—hard edges around jolting disparities of color—make such definition a considerable problem. At any rate Olitski has

advanced a more blunt abstraction and produced one of the more interesting of the recent shows. (French and Co., Apr. 20-May 14.)—D.J.

**Veda Reed:** These are considerably persuasive paintings. Their author, who is showing in New York for the second time, is not yet thirty. She is an instructor in the Memphis Academy of Arts in Tennessee, where it is possible for these brooding landscapes to exist. But their somber mystery finds primarily a "springboard" in the regional aspects of tall grasses, softly rotting shacks, barren lachrymal trees and a night which has a physical grip on the scene. Miss Reed appears to compose swiftly, but perhaps that is only the impression created by the assurance with which she manipulates a few broadly simplified narrative elements over and over again and in a restricted range of colors—olives, pale lavenders, dense, umbrous blacks, a mat palette occasionally enlivened by a burst of pure cerulean or burnished red in the darkening sky. Her landscapes are not merely lonely; they are solitary like the special privacy one preserves for oneself in the recesses of the imagination. There is something ultimately unknown in them that forms a bond with the observer. Miss Reed's best compositions are those built in a shallow scheme, but since she employs a soft, loose stroke, holes sometimes admit an untransformed atmosphere, and mood becomes mere literal desolation. The simple, horizontal planes of earth and sky in *Temple No. 11* are offset by a scrubby shack in the lower right-hand corner, and here the vacancy with its special grandeur is immeasurable compared to *Thicket Shadows*, where scrubby brushwork pierces the formal mask. Her superb color sense recapitulates a precise sensation that has no need of superfluous realism. It is a mark of her accomplishment that she has realized such a scheme without emptiness or self-mannerism. The question of how much variety she can sustain without pushing must remain open until we see her work again. She is very gifted. (Morris, May 4-21.)—S.T.

**Giacomo Manzù:** The calmness and Mediterranean suavity of Manzù's sculpture create their immediate effect in this selection of his work from the past twenty years. Manzù's figures—dancers, skaters, seated cardinals—establish their presence with wonderful authority, by the straightforwardness of their mass and outline. The detail, always measured in its effect, is at times almost reticent—a hand reaches out interrupting the long, graceful vertical created by the edge of a robe, a skater, poised between movements, gathers up her skirt in a series of accentuated folds. This reticence of detail is one of the most pleasurable aspects of Manzù's work, and particularly so in the *Cardinals*, where the massive robes tend to create great pedestals for the small, sensitively modeled heads. What one also becomes aware of, in this broader view of Manzù's art, is the occasional reflexive humor among the sculptures and lithographs on the theme of the artist and his model—particularly so in the piece in which the nude sculptor is in the process of drawing a fully clothed model. It is a wonderful comment upon the self-revelation involved in the activity of art, and it makes its point with the fine irony of the sculptor's nakedness juxtaposed against the stolid unconcern of the model. Manzù's work presupposes a classical tradition of the figure and works within that tradition. It seems to have bypassed such innovations as Cubism, for instance, brought to sculpture. But within its tradition it establishes itself by its own personal refinements. One sees this most clearly perhaps in his study for a bronze door at St. Peter's in Rome. The relationship to similar doors from the Renaissance is quite striking, but the personal accent is equally clear. The transitions from very low, subtle relief to incisive line—a drawing into the metal as well as a building out—form one of the most exciting features of the work. (World House, Apr. 5-May 7.)—J.R.M.



Helen Frankenthaler, *Five*; at Emmerich Gallery.



Jules Olitski, *A Hole to Put My Head Through*; at French and Co. Galleries.



Veda Reed, *Temple No. 1*; at Morris Gallery.



Giacomo Manzù, *Self-Portrait with Model at Bergamo*; at World House Galleries.

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Isabel Bishop, *Subway*;  
at Midtown Galleries.



John Heliker, *Corinthian Landscape*;  
at Kraushaar Galleries.



Gustav Klimt, *Nude*;  
at Este Gallery.



Mary Heisig, *The Meeting*;  
at Roko Gallery.

**Isabel Bishop:** Miss Bishop's draftsmanship provides the basic structure in most of her work; color is used—carefully and earnestly—to throw dim yet shimmering tricks of light over the mundane properties of the scene, the scene here being the subway. In addition to the larger oils, there are several studies made for them, studies complete enough to be taken as finished works in their own right. And there are twenty drawings—in pen, pencil and brush—which reveal her authority in line, ranging from the delicate to the relatively heavy. The show includes the *Subway Scene* which was purchased by the Whitney out of last year's Annual. (Midtown, May 3-28.)—G.D.

**John Heliker:** The dark, close geometric horizontality of Heliker's earlier style has evaporated before the onslaught of Cézanne. He employs Cézanne's Post-Impressionism to close all distances with little planes of color, but this leads to an atomization of the landscape and the still life rather than a dialogue between density of the form and the two-dimensionality of the surface. He works both ways from a point roughly semiabstracted. Recognizability obtains despite the extensive ranks of small strokes in *Corinthian Landscape*, but in *Toward the Island* and *Spring* cool, textural abstraction is the result. These are in their way uncompromisingly successful works, for Heliker has no problem here with observation. Plane and surface, being cognates of each other, happen in the sensation of the stroke, and this seems Heliker's ultimate goal. But too frequently the blaze of textures in whites, pinks and pale blues is fragmentary as composition. Yet his new style is generally ingratiating. He is also showing a number of sketches and drawings equally uninhibited by the vise of geometry. (Kraushaar, Mar. 14-Apr. 2.)—S.T.

**Master Drawings of Five Centuries:** This exhibition, the sixth of its kind, once more shows the excellent taste and scholarly discrimination of its organizer. Ranging all the way from the sixteenth century with its small but exquisite drawing by the little-known Danish artist Melchior Lorich and its fine examples of the Italian School to contemporary artists such as Derain, here represented by a lovely nude, the exhibition covers a wide variety of media and styles. Best represented are the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with beautiful landscapes by Agostino Carracci and Gaspar Poussin, Dutch genre scenes and elegant Rococo sketches, notably a delicate Pellegrini drawing showing Venus and Mars and a lovely Guardi landscape. (Este, Apr. 15-May 31.)—H.M.

**Mary Heisig:** These paintings address the exactness of their emotion to the single viewer. They speak in a single original voice, seeking the individual eye, not the big public one. This is not to say that they are uninformed, or small in any way. They are artfully abstract, but they offer insights, not proclamations. The best are landscapes with figures. Small figures punctuate wide spaces, sitting solitary, or staring out to sea, or striding toward each other, out of the range of a cluster of homes, across hills whose ravines make meeting impossible. The medium is impastoed gouache. Their rubbly dry surfaces are never monochrome: a simple area of blue is built up to with greens and purples, and a stretch of gray only partly conceals pinks and ochers. Among the landscapes *The Gull and I*, *Vermont*, *The Hills of Vermont*, *The Meeting*, *Homecoming* and *Maine Coast* are unerringly direct in their statements of lonely longing for a desired reunion in a land whose vastness stretches the imagination and keeps comfort at a distance. (Roko, Apr. 25-May 18.)—A.V.

**Alexander Calder:** Calling a man a "master" is a way of calling him "old hat." Calder can be a bit boring in an art world that has acquired the habit of irreverence, but nevertheless his is a jaunty old hat. Middle age pressing in on his

ageless (in spirit) mobile sculpture pitches it at an extreme, perhaps for the sake of appearances, but at the same time Calder has sensibly, if not logically, brought his sculpture home to a deserved rest. These five new works combine large "stable" bases for the mobile elements with the former providing considerable counter-emphasis to the quivering petals of metal dangling from a system of suspended, interdependent balances. *The City* is a leviathan of metal fins painted black and buckled together, spouting an almost feeble mobile at one end. *Four Petals* is similarly poignant, an almost entirely denuded mobile straining away from its aggressive superstructure. *The Y* is nature triumphant with an abundantly stocked mobile, though a certain portliness does invade the delicacy of the balances. Naturally as Calder's mobiles have grown—and they have been immense—his supporting rods have grown thicker, his plates larger, and the mobility of the parts has taken on a certain gravity that is somewhat at odds with the playful spirit that informs his creations. Perhaps this is an idea that cannot basically be broadened and now these are only—sculptures. Movement is still their life, but they are more stable. (Perls, Mar. 15-Apr. 9.)—S.T.

**Jane Wilson:** As in her last five or six one-man shows, the motif of these recent paintings is landscape. Earth and sky are tipped up—as if one were looking up the side of a low hill. The horizon line is high. The brushwork is extremely fluent and defines trees and plains in flower colors. Each area is brushed in with a pale tint and then outlined on one side with one zigzagging stroke of a more fully saturated tone of the same hue. The stroke is sure, clean, unmuffled by its neighbors. In her smaller paintings (for example, *Long Twilight*), the suggestion of fields, trees, a roof top, and in some cases part of a road, is made with great economy—an entire area composed with a few deft brush strokes. The colors of her large canvases are extraordinary in that the painter convincingly introduces flashes of burnt orange, deep aqua or purple as colors of a landscape. The main colors are, however, a multiplicity of greens, each tone fresh and vibrant. The skies are dense, painted with a variety of almost white "colors." In *Waiting for Dawn*, composed of soft tones, with beautiful blues and yellow as well as greens, the sky and land are fused, without a true horizon line, and the central tree shape, a pale-green oval, is the only link with landscape. (De Nagy, May 3-28.)—B.B.

**Robert Rauschenberg:** The conventions born of protest in modern art are especially evident in the work of neo-Dadaist Rauschenberg. But, as such efforts as these persist and as a rage develops about them, one wonders if the protest element is re-entering the expression. Rauschenberg, with his collage objects of paint, paper, metal and stuffed birds, may be a sure sign that the much-argued academy of modernism exists, but he is suspect because he operates well within that tradition himself and plays to the same jaded audience that now appreciates the novelty of the virtual filth and predictable insanity of his objects. He may mount a collage on wheels and chain a bucket to it, install a hawk on a sill nailed to a surface, add a ladder between two panels in one instance and tack crumpled metal to another, and even follow a story line that gets razed in the process, but his jazzed-up backdrops are no more than huge magnifications of the graciously minuscule ideas of Kurt Schwitters, who responded with instinctive deference to the bits of refuse that comprised his collages. Rauschenberg displays his catches like a big-game hunter. In a Rauschenberg, Schwitters' precise edges and rips become slashes of generously dripping or scrubbed on paint, the typography jumps from printed page to billboard size, stamps become whole newspaper photographs and bits of cloth are lifted whole from the closet—vide the green tie in *A*



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*Gifts from Apollo*, the one with the bucket attached. But Rauschenberg is not to be denied his success within conventional limits. *Hawk*, which is notably devoid of one, successfully demonstrates the artist's thesis that you can make a painting with anything that comes to hand. And in *Broadcast* he has concealed three radios behind the collage façade—a simulacrum of the noisy Dada conference of yesterday that greets us with the news, Frank Sinatra and perhaps a commercial. One radio was not working the day the show was reviewed, and the flaw somehow made it funnier. There's a moral here somewhere—that we are all expendable? (Castelli, Mar. 29-Apr. 16.)—S.T.

**Olga Rosenson:** The scant biographical information about this artist, who died last year, lists her as a painter and etcher, a member of various art organizations, who studied at the Art Students League and with Luks and Joseph Pennell. The present exhibition assembles a large selection of her oils, all of them rather small works, from a period around 1917 to 1927. They seem to bring together two traditions, combining the light and atmosphere of Impressionism with the full, rich brush technique of American artists like Luks or Sloan. Although she was not among those artists who were promoting the radical new vision of the period. Olga Rosenson seems an excellent representative artist, essentially traditional, who managed to translate, with freshness and clarity, a European language into the terms of the American locale and its somewhat broader painterly technique. Her work, with its vistas, its parks, its scenes of urban activities, seems, quite frankly, deserving of some mention in the history of American painting, not merely for its representative and conservative function, but for its own excellence. She was quite often a superb colorist. One thinks particularly of her study of a park, its distant purple buildings laced with the subtle green of trees, of the cool purple and blue figures in a market, or of a group of bathers in warm, ripe, summery accents. To her ability as a colorist she added a quite decisive compositional talent, one which shows to its best effect in the handsome sketch of a group of women in a park—its amber light posed against the sumptuous reds, purples and blacks of the clustered figures themselves. As an exhibition, this segment of the artist's work, with its warmth and authority, is a thoroughly admirable event. (Hicks Street Gallery, May 15-June 4.)—J.R.M.

**Turku Trajan:** This posthumous exhibit brings together about twenty-five sculptures and a large group of drawings from various periods of Trajan's life (1887-1959). Most of the drawings are figure studies and have the sculptural look of tryouts, though Trajan seems actually to have been more intricate and inventive in solid materials. The outstanding sculptural works are *Helen of Troy* (1952), *Fallen Angel* (c. 1950), and the frieze *Primavera*, which Trajan worked and reworked from 1925 to the year of his death. *The Helen of Troy* is perhaps most characteristic of his spirit. She is a reincarnated Helen. Archaic vestiges cling to her—a certain lovely awkwardness that is like grandeur out of its element—but she has been softened by a gentle and restrained Romanticism, and the final expression is both intimate and exotic, romantic and lyrically primitive. The swooping figure of the *Fallen Angel* is more elemental. It is a visionary work, reminiscent of Blake in its directness and in its unpremeditated symbolic posture. (Landry, May 1-30.)—G.D.

**Sidney Geist:** There are about a dozen sculptures in wood and seven terra cottas in this exhibit, which to a certain extent has the appearance of a geometric interlude, coming after work that exploited curves and volumes and clean-cut allusions to the organic. The most formal and severe of the present works are the small pieces made of sec-

tions of boards glued together like children's blocks. Because of the stepped planes rising vertically above each other, there is a certain resemblance to the outline of city buildings, but this resemblance seems to be built into the materials rather than the expression; certainly there is no exploitation of the resemblance. The stress, rather, is upon the formal interplay of the severely reduced elements. Because of their frontality, for instance, there is an almost flat Cubist image—but the open passages in the structure carry the eye through space (without introducing irregularities) so that the image immediately becomes solid and sculptural, though it has been stated in the very minimal physical terms. The series of wooden pieces cut from solid blocks are in quite a different spirit, though again, in the relation of regular planes to chunky masses, they are reductionist and essential. But they are bristling with dowels of different lengths and are thrown into curious off-balance "attitudes," so that there is a certain play of wit, a touch of restrained humor somewhat like Klee's. The terra cottas are the most overtly handsome of the works, especially *Le Mur Qui Marche* and *La Boite Qui Marche*. (Tanager, Apr. 22-May 12.)—G.D.

**Richard Stankiewicz:** One has the feeling that this is the best of Stankiewicz' shows to date, but if pressed for reasons one can only point to what has been obvious in his work from the beginning—strength of design and dignity within the broad irony of his humor, in both aspects of which there is as much imagination as discipline. But his improvisational fecundity seems to be particularly evident in this new work, where the usual assortment of scrap metal—boilers, pipes, valves, a discarded iron, and other conventional pieces from the junkyard—is hammered and welded into blunted effigies and bouquets of abuse. Like Smith, Stankiewicz sometimes works in series, and this probably supports the impression of increased imaginative range. There are several works in which the open piece-work is mounted in the cross section of a cylinder and a few wrapped in rectangular braces of steel. But a more elevated sense of volume derives from such works as *Bouquet* and *No. 14*, where expanding and converging extremities of the "plant" engrave the air in an analogy with conventional sculpture transforming a monolithic solid. Stankiewicz fails in a major work like *Bathers*, which is built around two crumpled boilers connected by horizontal plates, because the parts and the story line assert themselves at the expense of the whole. It would also seem from this work that major "figure" composition is beyond him, perhaps beyond the capacity of this particular style, because the complexity infers more monumental, more grandly specific passions which become only grotesque caricatures when performed by refuse. Refuse as Stankiewicz uses it is partly an antidote to too much formal purity. But these presences equivocate between their identity as junk and as art, and it is the irony of the salvaged parts which acknowledges the compelling authority of the design even as the demands of composition inform the junk with a purpose. (Stable, Apr. 5-30.)—S.T.

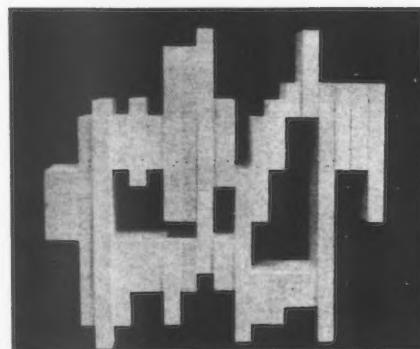
**Jaap Wagemaker, Lucebert, Jaap Mooy:** Three Dutch painters are here introduced. Their contributions to the international scene are interesting, of different degrees of accomplishment, and all somewhat attributable. Lucebert's images of men and landscapes owe much to Dubuffet, and are frank about it. More concealed is Picasso, but he's there too, shining from a lamp in a dark deathbed scene. But *The Managers*, though still an amalgam, is closer to what might be Lucebert himself—a composition in which three large heads loom foremost, beyond them the dark blue space broken into huge bits by light from two lamps, and punctured by illegible ciphers, and the distinguishable "\$." Wagemaker makes walls of paint. He pulls and punctures it into resemblances of flesh which are more painfully realistic for being



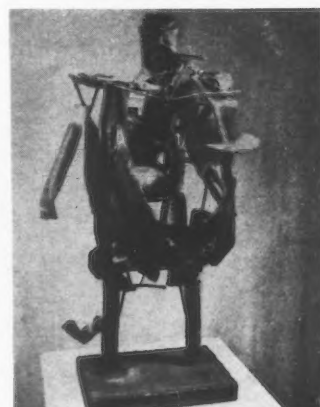
Olga Rosenson, *Three Women*; at Hicks Street Gallery.



Turku Trajan, *Birth of Isis*; at Landry Gallery.



Sidney Geist, *Apartment*; at Tanager Gallery.



Richard Stankiewicz, *Man*; at Stable Gallery.

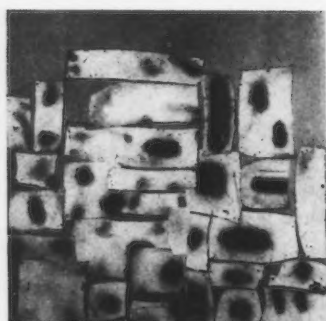




Coptic textile;  
at Delacorte Gallery.



Richard Miller, *Event*;  
at Graham Gallery.



Marca-Relli, *1 September 1959*;  
at Kootz Gallery.



Polygnotos Vagis, *Head of a Horse*;  
at Iolas Gallery.

part of a central shape that appears as a torso. There is the thudded impact of a body blow just below the ribs, caught in slow motion. The size and density indicate that it's the heavyweight class. It's a sort of materialistic Expressionism, depending on texture and weight, burlap and sand, and the effects of worn-out nature. Mooy's figures are welds of found metal objects. Standing or reclining, they reflect that unpleasant generality which is currently declared to be the State of Man. Mooy's difference from others working in the medium to express this belief may be the openings in the sculpture, through which light shines to reveal the little important details in the interior. (Graham, Apr. 12-May 7.)—A.V.

**Masterworks of Coptic Art:** This is a collection of textiles, some complete, some fragments, that range in date from the third century to the seventh. Three large rectangular pieces, varicolored—and exceptionally well preserved—are particularly attractive. Two of the three weavings depict Orans—praying figures with their hands raised. The other is a St. George, a figure that often occurs in the art of the Copts. Fragments that were probably used as decorations for vestments display the proliferation of small animal and human forms, often carried out only in purple, that can enchant the modern eye, hungry for evidence of exactitude in a fusion of symbol and form. (Delacorte, Mar. 21-Apr. 30.)—A.V.

**Richard Miller:** These thrusting and booming paintings are the work of a very talented young painter. They display an interesting combination of Cubist structure and Expressionist abstraction. The diagonal understructure—or, one supposes, pre-structure—is solid as it approaches the localized action, and then appears a burst of fragmented shapes, and the explosion of falling timber is recalled. *Fusion* is the simplest painting. The plane of the diagonal, like a heavy beam, lies beyond an area of activity that seems to have slid into stillness. The best is *Vertigo*, where the activity is central. Here a pale blue is introduced, and serves to float the heavy forms of darkly sober reds, blues and greens, which are otherwise occasionally relieved by pale ochre. The combination of solidity and fragmentation, of structure and destruction, that makes the work interesting is held in particularly tense balance in this work. (Graham, May 10-June 4.)—A.V.

**Conrad Marca-Relli:** The majority of these similar works suggest several opposed considerations—which, when balanced, fall somewhat to Marca-Relli's disfavor. All the works consist of horizontal and vertical patches of canvas upon a clear color: a change from the swept, diagonally directed work. But although these canvases are "new," and, if we may shift the onus of poetry to Parker Tyler, who describes one as "... singing ... lofty as an altar, lyric in pitch and of ethereal nuances," they are also decorous and thin. The slight means produces not only the frequent monotony, but also the height, the restrained exaltation. The main features are apparently right even if their particular use is not. The vitiating devices are the oblong blobs of black sprayed on a few of the rectangles in each canvas; the narrow outline of black around the patches, like stitching; the appearance of space behind them, as if they were a screen of plates before a void; and the even symmetry of the attached pieces of canvas, all the "rectangles" being slightly curved, so that, overlapping, they appear variously convex or concave. The repetition outweighs the positive expression, and the excessive facility is accompanied by a confident assurance as to the sufficiency of simple means and large scale. The best painting, *No. 3*, is a complex, dense one, thoroughly developed, in Marca-Relli's previous style. Another good one, however, *18 March 1960*, corrects the faults of the many like it: its color, yellow, is not background, but

cloth, and before the same varied white materials which overlap it; it is without dominant black spots, and the patches are only infrequently outlined; the shape and the placing of the patches, including a single light-blue one, are more interesting. (Kootz, Mar. 29-Apr. 16.)—D.J.

**Polygnotos Vagis:** Vagis' sculptures are carved out of monolithic rock forms and generally seem to remain close to the original raw shape of the material. He presents animals, figures, several versions of an eagle attacking a fish or a hare, as well as a curious moon suspended over a rocklike landscape. His animal forms seem to have a great deal more authority and interest than the large, flattened heads, though one of his earlier treatments of the figure, *Earth*, is a clever exercise in drawing the rounded and sensuously modeled form out of the raw material. The studies of *Eagles* and *Head of a Horse* are also notable. (Iolas, Mar. 21-Apr. 16.)—J.R.M.

**James Wines:** In its growing involvement with organic forms modern sculpture furthers the demonstration of the completeness with which landscape has overcome modern art. Nature, freeing the senses, would naturally obtain in an art where forms are not made but proliferate in a process that parallels creation. Wines is an American, born in 1928. He studied in Syracuse and has lived in Rome since 1958. But his bronzes trade in those forms of an aesthetic everywhere—a nature unbounded except for the limits of the material. The larger pieces are elegantly tortured shapes, rising to lofty points, hornlike spires which play well with such titles as *Torre Ritual*. Wines has not disavowed the figure, which, however, plays its part as an aspect of nature, fragmented and anthropomorphic like a suggestive root or branch rather than anatomically profuse. The figure group, *Le Tres Vergine*, is homogenized in a single fluid impressionist mass that asserts the formative aspects of the medium and the sense of becoming underlying it, while in another work the figurative stump is all but absorbed by the wind-blown shape flaring from behind it. His tiny works are talismans, invoking the ritual note of the senses in communion with the forces of nature. (Seligmann, Apr. 26-May 14.)—S.T.

**Linsey Decker:** Cut and welded metal is shaped into rounded, bulbous forms, from which pointed, spiky lengths grow, like the tendrils of a sea flower or the small tongues of some unknown amphibious animal. The surface is dull, sometimes crusty, and the color of rust may here and there enhance its pleasant elephant gray. The free-standing works grow out of their bases, with a progression of stem, flower and pistil that enforces the idea of natural growths, however distorted. *Triune* is a large, handsome work, intricately evolved; its central standing base unfolds to become the outer surrounding form, as though the innermost part were focused upon, enlarged and revealed to light. A hanging sculpture, to be seen on both sides, has a swollen, puffed base, little signs of life coming through on either side. Decker's images come from disturbing depths: mysterious inhabitants not human, certainly, but some strange breed, half animal, half vegetable. (Zabriskie, May 2-21.)—A.V.

**Paul Feeley:** Two, three or several more whitened colored areas, spatulately lobed, comprise most of these extremely simple, rather large canvases. His confidence in the power of the minimal, especially if vast, as well as such particulars as stains and washes, allies Feeley to the novel work of painters like Kenneth Noland, Morris Louis and, now, to a lesser extent, Marca-Relli. Despite its tendency to failure and frivolity this attitude embodies a moderate advance, a conviction of "abstractness," that not even De Kooning, Kline, Guston or others of the older painters possess—excluding Rothko

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and Still. As to simply quality, the younger paint-  
ers lag; Feeley, especially, is inclined to inconclu-  
siveness, and none of the paintings in the show  
are ultimately satisfactory. It is more the premise  
of using a given form, its magnification, and that  
of a limited color range, which are interesting.  
Rather than "abstract" the work is concrete, defi-  
nite, unadjusted in any minor way. The interlock-  
ing, lobed shapes convey the statement—not they  
and their contraries, or their similarities, or any  
manner of constructing. Hence the direct, single-  
shot method. *VIII* is a balustrade-like series of  
undulant forms, alternately cerulean and a light  
opaque yellow—one of the chalky colors peculiar  
to Feeley which he often joins to a stained,  
darker, dissonant one, the light density equating  
with the transparent darkness—two forms of light  
and obscurity. A good painting, but also lacking  
finality, is one with a warm central yellow regu-  
larly drawn out in blunt extensions, unusual in  
shape yet insufficiently particular, which create  
similar spatulas in a sinistral area of bare canvas  
and a dextral one of lightened ultramarine blue.  
(Parsons, May 16-June 4.)—D.J.

**Dial Collection:** The Austrian works from the  
celebrated Dial Collection, which now belongs to  
the Worcester Museum, are a tribute both to the  
artistic life of Vienna on the eve of the First  
World War and the excellent taste of their owner.  
All of the leading figures of the Austrian school  
of the time are represented, among them such  
celebrated artists as Kokoschka, Schiele and Klimt  
as well as many less well-known. Most of the  
works are drawings—such as the powerful crayon  
sketch of Mrs. Lanyi by Kokoschka and the ele-  
gant line drawings by Klimt. However, the most  
remarkable of the works on display are the water  
colors and charcoal sketches by Egon Schiele,  
which possess an intense expressive quality alto-  
gether unique. (St. Etienne, May 2-June 4.)—H.M.

**Tseng Yu-ho:** Much of Tseng Yu-ho's earlier  
ability in traditional Chinese landscape painting,  
acquired in Peking before the Communist acce-  
sion to power, along with its attendant technique  
of superimposing various weights of rice papers,  
is present in these semiabstractions, developed  
since her arrival in Hawaii in 1949. The diapha-  
nous depth absorbs the subdued contemporary  
triangulation, often used so as to resemble the  
suppressed trees and mountains, as when serried  
angles supplant the multiple contours of rising  
ranges—a device running back to the decorative  
patterns of the Han dynasty. Similarly, in *Mid-  
summer Night's Dream*, one of the strongest water  
colors, spinose verticals of shredded white paper  
and black runnels of ink immersed in blue re-  
place an overt forest with an expressed one. The  
combination of Eastern and Western art has al-  
ways been a difficult venture, one which has  
usually concluded with the untenable abridgement  
of both. Tseng Yu-ho is not excepted from the  
dilemma. The only solution, if she is seriously  
interested in abstraction, is to pursue it exclu-  
sively, as an international art. (Downtown, Apr.  
19-May 7.)—D.J.

**Denis Olivier, Vera Klement:** There is a can-  
dor in the self-portrait by Olivier, a forty-one-year-  
old French artist who now makes his home in New  
York, that reveals a willingness to sacrifice taste to  
expression. His recent figure paintings and land-  
scapes are decidedly Expressionist in character. It  
is good that he has included a few of his earlier  
landscapes, which are cool but vigorous in style;  
here too there is agitation in the composition of a  
work like *Spanish Landscape*, with a twisting bough  
squirming across the picture plane, losing it at sev-  
eral points among the scrubby masses of foliage.  
But a recent *Reclining Nude* is drawn with a liquid  
green outline and is peremptorily focused by spurts  
of warm, emotional color. *Moroccan Landscape* also  
has an affinity for German Expressionism with its

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## IN THE GALLERIES

graphic economy and pointed color. Exhibiting here for the first time, Olivier creates a very favorable impression. Miss Klement is showing woodcuts a number of which were seen earlier this season. Her generous cutting style, favoring checks and lozenges, creates in her Expressionistic works a quilted effect which passes over handsomely into several abstractions where circular forms are also introduced. She has a fine graphic talent. (Duo, Mar. 29-Apr. 24.)—S.T.

**Robert St. Brice, André Dimanche:** For centuries the folk culture of Haiti has been of the most eclectic kind. Voodoo itself is eclectic, but modern voodoo is even more so, for it has been thoroughly crossed with Catholicism. And in the Haiti of the present day the folk culture is rapidly acquiring the look, simply, of popular culture. Therefore an unsophisticated Haitian artist, working more or less naively out of his environment, is not necessarily producing folk art, or primitive art, in the sense of an aboriginal culture. He is perhaps producing primitive art as the term applies to, say, Rousseau or Grandma Moses, though the works of this show are not comparable to such models. Certainly there are overtones of voodoo in both the painting of St. Brice and the sculpture of Dimanche, but the personal note is far more evident. St. Brice has a childlike playfulness in the all-over curlicue patterning with which he surrounds the eerie faces of his "madonnas." In the two hangings (unstretched canvas, like a tapestry), the patterning is very somber and rich, like stained glass. Dimanche's sculpture is more sophisticated in representational devices, but except for the small *Cauchemar*, and the *Baca*, both of which are expressive precisely in their obscurity, he tends to lose his force in the pursuit of conventional images. (Cober, May 3-21.)—G.D.

**Daniel Schwartz:** The sporting scene is not frequently broached in American art outside of commercial illustration. Even Bellows gave it up for family life as his passion for Ash Can realism subsided. Still, in a work like *Stag at Sharkey's*, his heroes did not in their demeanor display the American Dream like sandwich boards. Schwartz's athletes step right from the college yearbook and into Yankee Stadium. They pile up at the line in a professional football game, collapse after a race, rest during a break or pose for their portraits as if nothing had changed since the days of Marshall Goldberg. Schwartz attempts to create a sort of genre painting by merging the Ash Can School with Manet and probably others—Degas, perhaps. Instead he gets high-toned illustration, and if it reminds one of sweetened religious art, it is not only because his exhausted track star sags into the arms of attendants to form a Pietà (compare with *Le Christ aux Anges* by Manet at the Metropolitan), but because the artist makes propriety—as a form of piety—a condition of subject matter where gladiators do battle in a deathless afternoon. (Davis, Mar. 29-Apr. 16.)—S.T.

**Aleksander Kobzdej:** The clotted, rugose surface of the paintings requires color of equal impact, requires a similarly concrete element rather than an opposite, tonal one, as a balance to adjust the somewhat excessive weight. The present scheme abounds in blacks and grays, browns and tans, and, less, red and its dilutions with the previous colors. It does not vary as much as the complex, inventive texture. The fragmented and roughly rectangular areas are intentionally handled clumsily, developed with painful, laborious care, which, while central to the expression, could be tempered with some spontaneity. Nothing is ripped quickly; it is torn slowly. It is all explosive, but with time added for smaller destruction. The style has a knowledgeable affinity to Dubuffet's and shares a general European tendency to build paintings into reliefs. Kobzdej dispenses with Dubuffet's images. One of the preferable paintings is *Stretched*, in which the care and grav-

idness are abridged by simpler areas. It is composed around a large central rose rectangle, of paint on paper torn through to the canvas, tenoned to the edge by variously alternating squares of tan canvas and ones, reddish-brown or tan, of costive, ridged paper. Paper in many conditions is used extensively. *Conflict* is more characteristic; but alizarin crimson makes it exceptional in color. Kobzdej is Dean of the Faculty of the Academy of Beaux-Arts in Warsaw. (French and Co., Apr. 12-30.)—D.J.

**Frank Mason:** "Such painters were men," wrote Paul Valéry of the old masters who could "throw twenty characters onto a canvas or a fresco in the greatest variety of poses . . . resolving five or six quite different kinds of problems." He was impressed not so much by their content as by their ability to handle the full range and complexity of their expression. Mr. Mason, who teaches at the Art Students League, is serving a long apprenticeship with the grand old men, and it is hard to say even if he can draw well, for what we are given is largely the result of a powerful mimetic faculty, not only in style or in technique but frequently in subject matter—such as *Christ Healing the Sick*. Not that he copies, but that he has over-identified. He admires the grand manner, the important, the "human" subject, the classic portrait. And he possesses great facility. When the present does break into his expression there are some landscapes and cityscapes, vaguely Whistlerian or colorlessly Impressionistic. But Mason's sentiments cannot stand up to the humanism of the masters (Sargent keeps bobbing up with his worldly, nineteenth-century opulence), and besides he paints *their* complexity rather than *his*. The result is anachronistic, sometimes appalling illustration. (Condon Riley, Mar. 21-Apr. 9.)—S.T.

**Irving Marantz:** This exhibition's confirmed pastoral mood represents a change from the artist's earlier social commentary. This present world is inhabited by lovers or sporting groups surrounded by sun-mottled greenery, or by nudes on vast beaches. In *Lovers*, shapes made by the passage of sun through leafy branches are taken on by the figures. The effect is of a loose-netted Cubism, with different color areas bending the bodies, more as a pattern of light in color than a description of anatomical articulation. The figures are isolated, but bound together by the all-over repetition of the irregular, patchy shapes. The scene is heavy, richly colored, monumentally still. Nudes on a beach in a lighter palette and more dissolved shapes echo a recently seen figurative abstraction lately come out of the West. This is seen most clearly in the large *On the Cape*. Being more common in style, it is less good than the hard-won well-woven luxury of Marantz' dense Arcady. (Babcock, Apr. 25-May 14.)—A.V.

**Luis Feito:** The Spanish Sweepstakes seems to be building up as the climax of the current racing season in New York galleries and museums. Of course, Tapiès has been with us long enough to beat out the pack in the last Carnegie International, but only last month four more modern Spanish painters made their New York debut. The Museum of Modern Art is said to be planning an exhibition of Spanish modernism in the near future, and the Guggenheim Museum plans an even earlier group—in May. Feito is the newest and perhaps youngest entry in the stakes. Born in Madrid in 1929, he was sent on a scholarship to Paris in 1954, where he has lived since. His work tends to resemble solar or volcanic activity, with light billowing up from behind dark, arid, roughly circular patches. These encrusted, cindery pastes are usually black and white and follow in every canvas the same pattern of juxtaposition against alternately dark or light grounds. They may have something to do with Dubuffet and possibly Fautrier, but their use of illumination

concludes in a type of composition that is the antithesis of the primal homogeneity of their ancestors. They develop an atmosphere independent of the impastos which not only should contain but precipitate the "unformed" look which is only a mannerism in these cultivated, melodramatic works. (Borgenicht, Apr. 12-30.)—S.T.

**Jean Messagier:** After studying certain paintings for a long time one is no longer certain if one is making an effort to understand or merely to believe them. This exalted finger painting by Messagier, a French avant-garde artist who was first seen here in the exhibition of "Younger European Painters" at the Guggenheim in 1953, has it in it to strain one's credulity. Diluted paint occupied with the middle values of orange, pink and ochre is swished about the surface, creating flossy, diaphanous films that roll and undulate to a sense of silence—and that's about it. At this point there is usually a revelation like "less is more," but no, less remains less. But if, indeed, this is seeming finger painting, must we summon an aesthetic to qualify it, something grandly primitive to lend vitality to what is in fact a phenomenon of ultra-sophistication? Messagier can't be accused of trying to pull anyone's leg, but his is an art of pure pedigree and little else, claiming, like the impoverished French nobility before the Revolution, "the prerogative of blood." (Warren, May 4-28.)—S.T.

**Jacques Brown:** Splenetic, rapturous, elegant, obscure—roughly, these describe the designs which M. Brown, a forty-two-year-old Parisian sculptor and artist, has painted and poured onto velour panels which are suspended from black dowels rather than framed like canvases. M. Brown works with a fresco paint which soaks into the nap of the fabric like color on a peach or dries in chalky pools on the surface. The variety of his abstract ideas suggests that if this is part of the Abstract Expressionist madness there is a method in it, for each panel seems to work from a basic, probably accidentally inspired motif toward fuller composition involving repetition, variation and direction of light and movement. *Napoleon pour un Militaire* is precisely if inscrutably that, with a red and white ribbon coursing through a field of golden calligraphic signs, while *Pandemonium II* throbs with illumined excitement threaded with a dark, thick web radiating from the center where the strands form a sort of Eiffel Tower shape. *En Elle-Même* is cosmic fireworks inside an oval faintly traced on the black surface where delicate skeins and splashes of color have been thrown. Symbolism aside, it is the issue of paint for itself that unifies his quixotic discourse. (Mayer, Apr. 5-23.)—S.T.

**Yehiel Shemi:** The several rusted iron patterns of each work join at predictable, stultifying angles, comprising only enough intelligibility to refer to other sculpture, primarily David Smith's. The manifest quality is that of the force of the manner and its materials expended by the decorum of their use. One of the good, competent, but prosaic pieces, static rather than flexibly multifaceted, is *Elements II*, a rectangular band incorporating its own base, a common device—the sculpture presenting itself, enclosing three juxtaposed plates interconnected with rods. *Sculpture* is somewhat better since it is squat and, although on three legs, avoids posing as an occult tripod. Also the plates are less regular and the juncture of two to form a roof more interesting. Shemi is an Israeli artist. (Section 11, Apr. 12-30.)—D.J.

**Sally Cook:** If we understand gracious ease as an attribute of beauty, then these workmanlike paintings cannot be called beautiful. But they are good; they are well made. Organic forms develop out of each other. Their shapes evolve from what shapes they touch. The growth radiates from a confined center, or aspires from the bottom of the canvas. Although the forms are unified by a per-



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sonal character—they are sturdy, awkward, indi-  
vidualistic within a prescribed class—Miss Cook  
now uses color with a sense of history: she has an  
Impressionist palette, for instance, or a Fauve  
one. The best painting is *Black*, in which she also  
uses some ochre and umber, and a good deal of  
white canvas shows. When she uses color, she  
hardly uses black at all, and this singular full  
display of it attests her knowledge of its power.  
Colored pencil drawings, small, are preliminary to  
the paintings. Their relaxed ease indicates that in  
working with the oil, to expand and fill out her  
particular idea, she develops the hard-striving  
image that makes her work good and growing.  
(Phoenix, May 6-19.)—A.V.

**François Arnal:** There is currently a rumor in  
the Village that one of the local painters is plan-  
ning to rent a lane there, block it off and drive  
back and forth dropping paint on canvas laid the  
length and width of the street. After the first im-  
pact of surprise that no one has tried this before,  
this "idea" brings a certain image to mind. The  
paintings of François Arnal, even in their small,  
tidy format and "clean" brush technique, seem to  
me to be related to this hypothetical image. The  
automobile is everywhere in Arnal's work. Blacks  
in his black-and-white pictures, heavy ridged im-  
pastos, look exactly like a tar road with tire  
tracks. Other paintings seem to be a cross between  
road maps and an actual picture of crisscrossing  
highways—with a few "cars" on the horizon. There  
are three or four canvases in this exhibition which,  
in addition to the "crossroads," have on the other-  
wise pure white ground a sort of explosion, with  
shafts of bright color all shooting out from a  
central point. Although these forms have a great  
deal more finesse and grace than John Chamber-  
lain's metal pieces, they seem to refer to the same  
sort of car wrecks. Arnal is an extremely knowl-  
edgeable painter with a finished technique, but in  
allowing these images—and so many of them—into  
his work, he has created painting in which the  
forms detract from the pictorial form. (Rose  
Fried, Mar. 28-Apr. 16.)—B.B.

**Jean Peské:** Peské was born in France in 1880  
and died there in 1949. He exhibited at the Salon  
des Indépendants in 1895, and, to judge from the  
relatively brief selection of his works here (which  
cover about fifteen years of his painting life, from  
1917 to the thirties), he remained essentially a Post-  
Impressionist artist. He went so far as to experi-  
ment vaguely with the ideas of the Nabis (he  
studied in Sérusier's studio, among others), and *Le  
Repos* (1917) records his fitful efforts in a sturdy  
little study of several figures relaxing in the shade.  
The shadow side of the trees is painted blue, but  
its incipiently volatile color scheme does not declare  
itself until a canvas like *Paysan au Panier* (1919),  
which, under the influence of Van Gogh, is typical  
of his best work. But on the whole he does not seem  
to have brought his talent to full flower because he  
could not adapt his essential realism to the radical  
ambitions of his own avant-garde generation. His  
realism emerges over the years fenced in by dark  
outlines that only an occasional Impressionistic  
mistiness could dissolve. The realism of *Le Gar-  
denia* (1930) is simply hard and unappealing. A  
number of water colors after 1930 indicate a modi-  
fied Post-Impressionism. (Internationale, May 3-  
31.)—S.T.

**Albert Tucker:** An Australian who has been liv-  
ing and working in France, Germany, Italy and  
the U.S. since 1947, Tucker, like his countryman  
Sidney Nolan, proves that the land down under  
is far too exotic and fantastic for aesthetic nice-  
ties, far too assertive for abstract metaphor. It is  
a primordial land, and Tucker paints its geogra-  
phy (and history) into the faces and figures of  
the men who have explored and conquered it.  
The brutal art of Dubuffet presides over his de-  
scription of faces, which are literally fissured and



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## IN THE GALLERIES

cratered like the bark of a very ancient tree. Elsewhere Tucker is by turns humorous and poignant. *The Death of Sergeant Kennedy at Stringbark Creek*, a massive, foreshortened figure, is no less than a jungle Pietà, a small, didactic mural. *Beach* refines itself into a quilted green and a spread of actual sand divided by a thin blue band. It is very close to Avery. But in general Tucker's tendency to caricature is at odds with the urgency of his thickened surfaces. It is too serious to be funny, too funny to be serious. Hence the works from which humans are absent come off best—the sparse, treacherous landscapes. (Hirsch and Adler, Mar. 29–Apr. 16.)—S.T.

**Pennerton West:** The distinction between figure and ground is broken down in the abstractions of this exhibit, since the brush strokes are not ordered into forms or shapes. This does not produce an all-over patterning, however, for the interplay of colors and of the size of the always individual stroke can produce, on the one hand, quiet harmonies, and on the other, passages of intensity or agitation. There is a prevailing vertical orientation to the action of the brush, and this overflows occasionally into concentrations of strokes which approach a solid form and have distant allusions to the human figure. (Willard-Lucien, Apr. 19–May 10.)—G.D.

**John Guerin:** In Guerin's first one-man show in New York one can see the evolution of this Western artist's work from landscape to abstract painting. He seems to be at mid-point—concerned with both sides of this divide. Guerin's subject matter is extremely abstract in itself. His landscapes are marshes seen in a dim light, with water and rock almost the same tone and texture as the sky, and dark brambles obscuring a horizon line. Seascapes in this exhibition are not the open beach but a rocky coast of what might be Nova Scotia (which greatly impressed the artist during his trip there) or some other northern rocky coast line. Some of his paintings also include figures—bathers dimly seen against a dark sky, drawn with great perception and knowledge. Color is, however, Mr. Guerin's forte, and he can create a multiplicity of tones and shapes from the dominant blues and grays of his canvases. (Kraushaar, Apr. 25–May 14.)—B.B.

**Master Drawings:** Masson takes his place among the modern Old Masters in this show of drawings, and falls into step with Léger, Picasso, Matisse, Klee, Feininger and Giacometti, among the most notable others. His *Homage to John Donne* of 1942 is an example of his regulated automatism, and in the context an interesting raw recruit of a drawing. Matisse is shown at his most charming and exotic in the arabesques of *The Painter and His Model*, and Picasso makes a classical drama of a *Seated Dancer*, whose sculpturally modeled face lords it over the scribbled tutu. But it is Léger who is surprisingly strong. His *Esquisse d'un Paysage Animé*, a pencil drawing, shows two cylindrical figures climbing a stairway toward the viewer. The calculated precision of the whole shows the canniness peculiar to the artist: his ability to make the mechanical appearance definitely moving. (Saidenberg, Mar. 15–Apr. 23.)—A.V.

**Helene McKinsey:** As a middling Abstract Expressionist, Miss McKinsey, who lives in a suburb of Washington, D.C., and shows for the first time in New York, is no better and no worse than those who are wise enough to treat their tradition sensibly as one. But Miss McKinsey's grip on it is unsteady. Meeting painting and nature halfway, she manages at best a timid sort of extravagance that sometimes amounts to no more than landscapes stylized in a few broad passages or a sort of semiabstraction that improvises on the *gestalt* of certain settings—as in the curtain of gaunt verticals and gelid shapes in

*Snow and Trees* and *Winter Forest*. She cultivates the incomplete look partly as a hedge against encroaching realism. *Shadowed Hill*, merging Kline and De Kooning in an irregular, overlapping girder and plane construction, authenticates her pretensions but places her on a long waiting list for recognition. (Poindexter, May 9–28.)—S.T.

**Hans Jaenisch:** The second New York showing of this leading painter of the German postwar school shows a marked growth in expressive power and formal mastery. Particularly lovely are the tiny water-color sketches, abstract landscape motifs rendered with a fluency and spontaneity often lacking in the more ambitious oils. The latter are large and colorful, often of mythological subjects such as Icarus or Parsifal, rendered in a very abstract style which recalls the work of Klee. Large areas of thickly applied paint contrast with delicate linear designs which are sometimes in ridges pushed up by a palette knife, and sometimes scratched into the surface of the paint. The effect is often interesting for its textural quality and for the beauty of the color, but the images remain obscure. (Hutton, Apr. 25–May 14.)—H.M.

**Wilfred Machin:** The iconoclastic injunction obtains in these ritually stylized paintings of Biblical themes. Yet figurative suggestion is pronounced in such paintings as *Moses and the Golden Calf* and *Moses and the Burning Bush*. In the former Moses is given as a headless, sheetlike apparition stretched over four points—suggesting a straddling pose with arms upraised. The tablets of the law are fully documented, as is a resplendent golden calf below. The streamlined shapes of the abstractions which have to do with the idea of *yang* and *yin* develop contrasting positions but have none of the rapturous intensity of color or richness of surface of the Biblical studies. (Pietrantonio, May 16–31.)—S.T.

**Judith Godwin:** It is debatable whether one should consider with alarm or approbation a sanity such as that consistently evident in these paintings. They display a sound acquisition of much of Kline's style, valuable knowledge for a young painter, but add so little to it as to make doubtful a unique use in the future. Dark greens, purples and blues, the main distinction, enforce the healthy clarity of the black and white without changing it very much. A difficulty is that the white tends to recede somewhat while the dark, interlocked shapes remain vertical, as in *Point to Green*, in which irregular black areas frame a white field penetrated by green near the center of the lower edge. *Black Support* is the most frontal, the most spatially fixed; the major black and white shapes are nearly equal and dominate, as color, the smaller, stained, purple area at the top and the phthalo blue one at the bottom, resulting in a final proportion of color. (Section Eleven, May 3–21.)—D.J.

**Chet La More:** Known primarily as a painter, La More is also a sculptor of no mean talent. Using welded bronze, he creates effects which are both imaginative and delightful. Most of the sculptures, which are fairly small, represent either human figures or animals in a semiabstract style. What is most outstanding is their sense of whimsy which, especially in the birds, is beautifully carried off. The human figures are elongated and graceful, walking in space or holding objects, their forms angular, sometimes prickly. Though at times recalling Giacometti and Roszak, La More is able to give expression to a personal mood of his own and achieves in some of the best work effects which are really fine. (Krasner, May 2–14.)—H.M.

**Six Mexican Painters:** This exhibit comprises several paintings and nearly forty drawings. Si-queiros is represented by a massive head, an oil, of an Aztec warrior, further weighted by his head-

gear of three modeled, metallic oblongs. Orozco's *Maguery Plant* is composed more as if it were a detail of a mural rather than an independent painting; the sinuous green leaves loom before a vista painted in a rose and blue similar to Picasso's. Several drawings of quarrymen, done in loose multiple outlines, bold, simple, and ordinary, are by Rivera. One of the most varied drawings is by Covarrubias: five classic bathers differently outlined and modeled in pencil and ink. Tamayo and Charlot are also shown. (New Art Center, Apr. 18–May 20.)—D.J.

**Susan Kahn:** The softly muted realism of Miss Kahn's unimposing conservative style is admirably matched to her subjects—soulful, compassionate portraits, well-observed nudes and a kind of genre intimism in the literal, emotional sense. Her teacher, Moses Soyer, has taught her not only observation but modesty as well. Miss Kahn's brush does not pry as it seeks to determine the major masses and movements and significant detail. There is a measure of mere reporting in all of this and a risk of mannered sentimentality, which shows first in a kind of sketchiness. Some chalkiness too could be relieved by less reliance on atmosphere and mood which encourages a haziness before she has fully dispensed with the facts—which is to say, her chiaroscuro is underdeveloped. But her basic equipment is sound. (Sagittarius, Mar. 28–Apr. 9.)—S.T.

**Josef Foshko:** Foshko, who is showing for the first time in several years, commands a rich and painterly technique. His treatment of the figure ranges from the distorted, somewhat Cubistic manner of *Dancers* to a cartoon-like approach in *Market*. His large *Flower Piece* is a quite pleasant and simply handled arrangement, rather frontal in its design—a simple vase full of clustered blossoms in white, red, orange and yellow, played against a gray and purple ground. His *Bride*, somewhat more schematic, is also successful for the simplicity of its approach to the figure and for the handsome subtlety and play of its color—its oppositions of rosy flesh tints with pale, overlapping transparencies of white and off-white. (Salpeter, May 2–21.)—J.R.M.

**Savo Radulovic:** The virility that Radulovic seeks in these "Mediterranean Impressions" gathered during a visit to his native Yugoslavia last year is tempered by his lapidary color schemes and an innate delicacy. He casts shimmering veils of yellow light across the fortress-like city of Dubrovnik—light that seems to have passed through stained glass or to be reflected from the encroaching Adriatic. Similarly, a delicate mist suffuses *Macedonian Bride* as she descends a hill on a flower-laden donkey. When he is not employing arabesques to surround and clutch streaking masses of color in extensive, highlighted movements, Radulovic blocks out gleaming cityscapes in a forthright fashion. Here too the bright blocks of color (as in *Amalfi*) are caught in moving outlines which stylize in the absence of closer observation. The effect is vivid, bold yet curiously weightless, gay and nostalgic by turns. (Washington Irving, Apr. 4–23.)—S.T.

**James Phillips:** The one thing wrong with Phillips' Magic Realism is that it is not entirely for real. Phillips is not content to express himself through the special method of dramatized exactitude which, almost by definition, militates against such ambitious figure compositions as *Arbor*, which is something of an erotic *Primavera* in modern dress. But then it is not so modern. Phillips is also a mannerist, gilding the lily with cheap allegory that is antique and Italianate. When he throws in a young man in Levis, naked to the waist, he only exaggerates its affectation. Phillips doesn't make this error very often. He paints very smoothly, and the sculpturesque affluence of his figures does not seem so exorbitant in the small, effective works like *The*



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*Wreck*, with its immaculate farmhand, and the earnest *Gina*. These display a minimum of allegorical gadgetry and a maximum of magnification by magic—the latter flowing over into Magritte-like Surrealism in *Prothesis*, which plays games with perception. (G Gallery, Apr. 5-23.)—S.T.

**Otto Ellenbogen:** An Israeli painter, Ellenbogen has presented a number of vigorously conceived landscapes, generally hot and dry in their color. His manner is somewhat reminiscent of those wild and convulsive landscapes by Soutine, though there is a greater emphasis on clarity and control, particularly in two of his best works, *Bridge in Paris* and *Safed*. In these he has fused the awkward and fuzzy shapes of the view with a quite forceful and personal rhythm. And it is this vigorous rhythm which dominates one of his most striking figurative paintings, the portrait of his small son, in acrid blues and greens. (Herzl Institute, Mar. 14-29.)—J.R.M.

**Elizabeth McFadden:** The small *No. 146* and generally ones of that size excel the somewhat larger collages. The various fabrics, ranging from netting to silk, are decorative, and their freer use over a greater span increases this aspect. The compact organization of several of the small ones counters the charm of the cloth; warm colors, muted, siennas and reds, also accomplish this—as against the swatches of slightly intense pastel blue and green which abet the decorative. All involve flat, overlapping planes, backing distinct but relatively unstressed areas. *No. 146* presents a surprising firmness within an ingratiating lyricism; a striped vertical, black and red, intersects an arc of tan ending in a high circle, all on yellow ochre and a light Venetian red. (Parsons, Apr. 25—May 14.)—D.J.

**Russell Twiggs:** There are diffuse hints of the figurative in these latest paintings by Twiggs, suggestions of some broad, monolithic figure constructed out of rocklike areas of paint. The color is alternately rich and subtle in its juxtapositions—the gray and green-gray shapes of *The Body's Land*, or the darker browns, ochers and tans of *Memory of Treasures*. The pervasive textural quality of much of the work seems also to complement a rather consistent allusion to the blending of landscape and figure, particularly so in *Recumbent Earth*, with its striking formal elements in olive green, threaded with gray-blues and whites. (Grand Central Moderns, Apr. 30—May 19.)—J.R.M.

**Eugene Berman:** What always stands out in the work of this remarkable Neo-Romantic painter is the superb technical mastery in which visual reality is rendered with a clarity and precision which even the masters of the seventeenth century might envy. In this show, the main subjects are Italian scenes, especially classical ruins, as in the view of the Colosseum, or the close-up of the columns of Paestum. The mood created by these works is that of a strange and haunting world, a feeling which is heightened by the contrast between the majesty of these grandiose structures and triumphal columns and the sense of loneliness and decay which they now inspire. (Knoedler, Mar. 22—Apr. 9.)—H.M.

**Capuletti:** This young Spaniard, whose first show created a sensation, will no doubt be equally successful with his second. Following in the wake of the youthful Dali, Capuletti is a marvelous virtuoso who can achieve effects as eerie as those of the best of the Surrealists but without any of their nastiness. His favorite subject is that of erotic-looking women posed against a lonely space which seems to extend far into the distance, and yet which is painted with all the precision of the Flemish primitives. Despite his brilliance, one cannot help feeling that Capuletti is more a clever showman than an artist of conviction. (Hammer, Mar. 29—Apr. 9.)—H.M.

**Nat Ramer:** Experience is plainly evident in Ramer's work, and one is as pleased by its execution as by its poetic imagery. Ramer has made of Cubism a personal instrument, conceding the hegemony of the surface even as he shatters it into crystalline color formations that float off into the depths of scumbled palimpsests. He turns appearance into an attitude of color which, accumulating recessions, returns substance successfully transformed. Places and things are distinguishable in various degrees. *The Stream* is more recognizable than many, with angular rock formations enclosing a pool of pale blue that is charted smoothly into the foreground. At the other extreme, *Morning Mist* becomes a twinkling design of color bits that trap the refracted light. Ramer's poetics is more knowledgeable than profound; it is invested in a kind tasteful prettiness, but its ingratiating appeal derives from the same sensitivity with which he portrays a mother and child in *Two Together*. Ramer currently teaches at Brooklyn College. (Selected Artists, Apr. 26—May 7.)—S.T.

**Robert D'Arista:** Paintings, monotypes and drawings are presented in this show, but the paintings are hugely dominant, not only because of their size, but also because they are so extreme in intent. They are great expanses of tarry black set off, with startling contrast, by portrait figures. The faces and hands are all but molded in the round, the impasto is so thick. The ivory and tan hues provide the contrast; the darker colors of the clothing tend to vanish into the black of the background. There is a certain nervous vitality and sumptuousness in this work, but the total expression tends to suffer from the built-in overstatement of the method. The small monotypes, though not strong, are skillfully done and are very handsome. In these the faces and figures emerge from indecipherable patterns of specks and shadows, with an effect like that of a faded photograph. (Alan, Mar. 21—Apr. 9.)—G.D.

**Douglas Duder:** A California artist by way of Canada, England and finally America, where he was, until the war, an actor, Duder is having his first one-man show in New York. He is a diligent painter, taking semiabstraction as a convention, not so much to create pleasing shapes as to inform his realism with a certified, visible structure. He uses it to explore volume, to turn round into flat by intensifying the contrasts wrought by light. Conscious, over-zealous application serves, however, to isolate each object in a composition with its distinct configuration. Some gratuitous shaping up of negative surfaces results in the name of consistency and, despite a cautious approach, a certain clutter is unavoidable. Duder's works have a pleasing serenity otherwise, though perhaps the artist is too judicious and should favor his poetic side a bit more. (Selected Artists, May 10-21.)—S.T.

**Lyman Kipp:** This sculpture, small but massive blocks, cast in bronze or plaster, resembling sections of Machu Picchu, penetrated at random with niches, as the wall is with windows in Le Corbusier's chapel, is finally enigmatic. The structure is invariably definite, although standard, and the work accomplished, but the expression is general. The white plaster *No. 4-1959* can be described as two offset parallels, with the connecting mass the major one, the whole opposed by a wing above and parallel to the central portion. This works clearly as far as it goes. The apertures have no effect upon the form beyond concealing its simplicity and suggesting the scale of a building. (Parsons, Apr. 25—May 14.)—D.J.

**Nancy van Overfeldt:** This is the first New York showing of a twenty-nine-year-old Dutch-born artist now living in Mexico. The primitivization of her figurative forms follows the Cubist aspect of structure which she undoubtedly picked up during studies with Lhote in Paris, but Miss Overfeldt's bright, lurid color indicates her emotional identi-

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cation with the folk art south of the border. There is a taut, frenzied aspect in her work with the strong color contrasts and black outlines emphasizing a growing confusion over the inhibiting aspects of constructing by planes. (De Aenlle, Apr. 4-23.)—S.T.

**Sally Hazelet:** In these large square paintings, a pointillist technique of applying color is used, but the comparison ends there. Using subtle variations she builds close harmonies of color. This results in a unique experience for the eye, for, because of the feeling and the intensity of the pursuit on the part of the artist, the colors now merge and now separate, and draw one into a kind of enchanted land that, like magic, requires belief. There is a serenity in these paintings, and a sense of sound, but sound muted. The total result is a kind of contemplative beauty. (Tanager, Apr. 1-22.)—H.D.M.

**Lucian Krukowski:** By and large the numerous abstract forms which compose these big paintings are themselves single brush strokes. The stroke, however, is not handled for action, but for its form-making quality. That is, there is a feel of decision and predetermination. Krukowski seems less interested in treating space as a flow (often done in work of this kind) than in implying it as the condition—or simply the container—of the centrifugally “exploding” forms. Sometimes, however, he produces the spatial feel of a vista. There is a fresh, airy, musical quality to his work, deriving from the quick, clean execution and from the nice proportion of activity and quiescence. This is not “action painting”: the energy of the brush is fully assimilated in the composition. The large *Visitation* is notable. (Staempfli, May 10-26.)—G.D.

**Franco Assetto:** Anything that asserts its materiality, its very physicality, like Assetto's powerful and stringent impastos, which are made of aluminum gel and pigment, can suggest a principle of vitalism. In this kind of visual elementalism there can be little difference between accident and form, for every event is a surprise. Assetto sweeps through his tidal surfaces with a plasterer's tool and heavy spatulas, clearing paths like a bulldozer and then filling the wide cuts with more molten pastes in which colors frequently fuse like ceramic. The tracks make rhythmic swaths through wastes of gorgeous chemical color which is produced by either chemical reaction, dusting or including colored pigment. The supposition is that, like Fautrier, Assetto finds the physical involvement anti-aesthetic, that is, in some strangely cultured way—basic. Assetto is forty-nine and lives in Turin, where he has devoted himself to painting since taking a degree in chemistry and pharmacy. (Parma, Mar. 21-Apr. 9.)—S.T.

**Pera:** Two floors of this beautiful new gallery are filled with sculpture and painting by Pera. His work in these two media occupies entirely different realms. The metal-junk sculpture is based on the figure. The paintings are “cosmic” views: bright, thick layers of paint in increasingly large circles of different colors, or egglike shapes swirling though misty painted surface. In the latter type there is a ribbon of paint which seems to have been thrown off by one of the spinning shapes (a missile?). Pera also paints with a special machine he has constructed. (Latow, Apr. 26-May 21.)—B.B.

**Robert Helsmoortel:** The jutting piles of abandoned piers form the basis of those of Helsmoortel's paintings which look like a cross between a Kline and a Soulages. In less obvious fashion the others demonstrate the graphic incidence which the artist tries to humanize with a more painterly address that contradicts the “suddenness” of his structure or with color that works best when used

graphically, as in the bold geometric abstraction resembling circular signal markers. Since coming here from Antwerp a year ago, the artist, who is thirty-eight, has traveled widely, finding inspiration in landscape and industry. Having executed a large curtain for the Belgian exhibit at the Brussels Fair, he would seem to have more experience than is revealed in these strangely inept paintings. (Seligmann, May 9-21.)—S.T.

**Ron Gorechov:** This young painter develops forms structured like candelabra, chalices, Eastern buildings (mosque and minaret) and composes them in a space reminding of interiors and landscapes. The paintings are rich in color, too—*Labyrinth*, for instance, with its simple whitened sienna ground turning to gold beyond the blues, reds and blacks of a parade of images that seems to traverse a golden palace. There is about these paintings a fairy-tale element, and an exquisiteness, that is undermined only by the consistently heavy paint. It seems that the present implications of ancient Eastern knowledge would lose nothing if expressed through a finer medium, one less in tune with contemporary Expressionism. (De Nagy, Apr. 12-30.)—A.V.

**Sidnee Livingston:** The artist's light touch is deceptive. For one thing her pale values are not chalky, nor are they caressed by a patient style. They are moist and blush with unstated passion, as if reproving her images for their other-worldliness and her own nostalgia. She paints sisters of yesterday, a Bohemian poet from another day. *Mother and Child* sacrifices the subliminal radiance to clarity, as if she understood this work best of all. A series of monotypes use rather than abuse the medium. (Condon Riley, Apr. 12-23.)—S.T.

**Zalmar:** Semiabstractions broken up rather dizzily, record the endless construction and the frantic pace of city life. Zalmar swings from crazy-quilt designs to the large swath of orange illuminating *Pittsburgh* and the packed-to-bursting light of *Spring Upstate*. His compositions have a busyness in their own right that comes less from the fevers of a metropolis than from hasty observation, exaggerated conclusions and impatient application of paint. (Angeleski, May 16-31.)—S.T.

**Salvatore Scarpitta:** The works of this exhibition are neither collage nor painting, and are so eccentric in purpose that one must be professionally interested in the variations of contemporary methods to find them very exciting. They are handsome in a softly severe way—and beyond this one can only describe the process and materials. Scarpitta stretches swathes of canvas, like bandages, back and forth across the frames, sometimes in a prevailing horizontal direction, sometimes vertically, sometimes overlapping on the diagonal. The wrinkles and forced bulges of the fabric provide a certain animation. The color is very restrained. Frequently it is monochromatic, though sometimes two colors are used, such as a dull red and a grayed white. (Castelli, Apr. 19-May 7.)—G.D.

**Hana Geber:** Archaic formulation and idealization mingle in these readings, largely in bronze and terra cotta, of mostly Old Testament figures. Miss Geber, who came here from Prague in 1945, would seem to be most at home, however, in her small silver pendants and talismanic figures where archaic brevity lends itself admirably to the purposes of her wit. Some of these pieces serve as models for the larger works, where the shallow treatment gives way to alternately rounded or angular forms—something that approaches realism but shaves it off before going too deep. In these larger works Miss Geber does not get nearly so much formal variation from detail as she does in her sculptural jewelry, only superficially altering the geometrical character of the volumes. (Mills, Apr. 14-May 13.)—S.T.

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**Frederick Fuchs:** This first one-man show by a young painter who works in a representational style shows an artist of promise. His subjects are largely landscapes in subdued tones, with a preference for subtle grays, light blues, warm greens and dark yellows. The style varies from an atmospheric Impressionism, which seems most characteristic of his recent work, to the more Expressionistic manner of the earlier and less successful paintings. Particularly charming are the flower pieces, which have a quiet, lyrical beauty which is very appealing. In addition to the oils, there are also some water colors which, although small in scale, are often strong in design and sensitive in their use of color. (Durlacher, Apr. 26-May 21.)—H.M.

**Kurt Seligmann:** Seligmann derives from the Surrealists, though his reference to the heraldic and the mythological is more pronounced. Like the Surrealists, he surrounds his work with a great deal of talk about the unconscious and magic and dreams. And like the Surrealists he is quite impervious to any influence of the unconscious: his invention is rational and thin, and the celebrated "pact with the unconscious" is not a pact at all but a hieratic usurpation—a form of priestcraft—and the invoked unconscious is a most unconsciously conscious unconscious. What Seligmann manipulates is a rational and well-informed daydream of magic. Where it might prove interesting in a literary form, it tends to be rather flat in paint. (Fine Arts Associates, Apr. 5-23.)—G.D.

**Jay Rosenblum:** Blocks of intense color—red, Prussian, emerald, viridian—shape up into strict verticals and horizontals with an alacrity at odds with the anarchic vigor that characterizes the disparate shapes. Still, in reaching the boundaries of the canvas, the painter has struck out beyond the central clusters of his earlier works. His most recent move, seen in one large painting, is a good one. He introduces diagonal movement and less-regular shapes, trying a combination of oil and crayon on hard board for a variety of texture and density. A number of pretty collages, small and well made, suggest that he is more than ready to explore the expressive possibilities of his shapes. (Fleischman, May 15-31.)—A.V.

**Boris Lurie, Rocco Armento:** Lurie presents large panel-sized collages. For the material he uses lurid newspaper headlines and peepshow-magazine bathing beauties. On these he drips purple, yellow and orange streaks of paint to achieve a kaleidoscopic effect—cheesecake billboards gone berserk. The largest is aptly titled *Million Dollar Baby*. Armento works in plaster and wax. Only two pieces were available for preview, and of these the elephantine torso of a female figure is expressively handled; the shell-like quality of the plaster is emphasized by the triangular-shaped hollows cut out of the sides. (March Gallery, May 13-June 2.)—H.D.M.

**Ward Jackson:** These wide landscapes are conceived as recessions of irregular, curved shapes, or of planes marked by dark sweeps of thinned paint. They shift between perception and an idea of abstraction, admitting to their thin surfaces both the dribbles of Abstract Expressionism and essentially natural color. Bright blue or green try to ground the pale yellow or canvas-white shapes, which may be lined with charcoal or a thin brush stroke. The paintings are open and expansive, but not accurate. The pleasure in their ease turns to dissatisfaction with their easiness as the pleasant looseness increasingly asks to be more located, moved onto firmer ground. (Fleischman, Apr. 24-May 13.)—A.V.

**Mildred Crooks:** The big abstractions of this second one-man show are composed of open, boundary-less forms—built up of broad daubs and quickly brushed, wiggly patches of color. There is a certain

statement of mood in the glowing but not intense colors, particularly the reds and blues; structurally, however, the paintings are sometimes a little shaky. The most successful are those in which there is a tracery or network of irregular black lines binding the looser forms together, as in the large *Crossing*. In the effective and very handsome *Garden Table* black is combined with gray to establish a background out of which the bright color patches seem to emerge. (White, Apr. 26-May 14.)—G.D.

**Richard O. Tyler:** This show of oils, drawings and woodcuts by the founder of the Uranian Press is impressive for the imaginative way it is assembled. Most striking and technically effective are the black-and-white woodcuts. Assembled on panels bearing the titles "Folklore," "Mythological" and "Legend," these prints are powerful and moving. The tricks of cutting are in the old tradition of the German Expressionists, but these works, because of their Biblical subject matter, often achieve an intensity of feeling that is like Blake's. (Judson, Mar. 25-Apr. 14.)—H.D.M.

**Samuel Reindorf:** The work of this show, all recent, stays very much within an Impressionist format and recalls Pissarro. The paintings are mostly landscapes, many are of the New England shore; bathers, wharves and dunes. Reindorf is most successful when he is dealing with hazy light effects, as in *Monhegan Island, Maine*, in which the dimmed sunlight is filtered through fog. Perhaps the most interesting work of the show is the large *Mystic, Connecticut*, which seems to promise development in a new direction. Here the distinct brush strokes are larger and more secure, and begin to break away from the pictorial detail with a vivid life of their own. (Geminaire, Apr. 25-May 14.)—G.D.

**Galdikas:** Generally untitled, these oils are rich and bright in color, brushed, splattered or streaked with heavy pigment. Some maintain a dense figurative style—rocks overlooking a bit of ocean—while others, though abstract, create some essential suggestion of landscape. Though the color is striking and the paint itself firmly handled—one thinks particularly of the large vertical canvas with its sensual oranges and pale lemon-yellows bruised with grays—the structural devices of the painting do not seem to hold up so successfully. (Feigl, Mar. 16-30.)—J.R.M.

**Joan Drew:** Surrealism, variously devoid of the prefix in scale, format, or detail, is the context of *Seeds on the Evening Air*, a water color of an ambiguous balloon floating above a forest whose trees are leaves and the balloon's size thus a mystery, and of *Mandala*, in which a foetal figure rests within a shell-like swirl. These are meticulously drawn, with infrequent details of collage, and not unusual. Several ordinary stylizations are also used, such a schematic woodcut of a red Jonah in a black whale. (F. A. R., Apr. 18-30.)—D.J.

**Maccabi Greenfield:** Fauve and Expressionist influences contend with those of current abstractionism in the vivid paintings of this exhibition. Greenfield comes close to pure abstraction, but retains a pictorial reference—figures, landscape, rocks, etc. From the pictorial point of view the color is arbitrary, purely formal, and though the figures assert themselves reluctantly, they do emerge as structural necessities. Their recognition is frequently delayed by the unusual angle of the view or by unexpected groupings. *Two Figures* and *Herdsmen* are both very handsome. (Artist's, May 7-26.)—G.D.

**Jean Cohen:** Since her show last year this artist has developed perceptibly. In these dozen or so oils the forms are quieter and more contained. They are not so dependent on an interlocking device and move freely in space. Color for the most part is bright and pleasant and is used with skill and feeling. In some, *Turbulence*, *Solitude*,

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## IN THE GALLERIES

black is used as a background for amorphous shapes that move in and through. In others, such as the green and blue *Threefold Landscape*, the foliage-like shapes dance and dart within the confines of the rectangular frame. (Area, Apr. 1-21.)—H.D.M.

**Umberto Romano:** Displays of vigorously applied paint—paint flung, spattered, turned in pools of turpentine—are named variously *Elemental*, *Centrifugal Force*, *Constellation*, *Lunar Image*, and so forth. So we see a method applied to approximate the images of celestial photographs: realism in the second degree. The results are certainly not of scientific interest. Their interest is literary; they are documents of this mean time when vigor is allowed to produce only an image of itself, and thought heavenly. (Krasner, Apr. 11-30.)—A.V.

**Robert Kulicke:** The visual means of these small paintings and collages are quite radically reduced—two broad stripes of a single color divided by a narrow vertical strip of another color with occasional variations of a third. They have a variety of textures, and the paintings on plexiglass, painted on the underside to have a glossy surface, are quite effective in a polished way. For all the limitations of the means, Kulicke generates an enthusiasm and a tastefulness which overcomes so rigid a device. Although the elements are thoroughly controlled and measured in their effects, there is a slight casualness in the torn edges of the forms and in the manner of painting which saves them from monotony. (Parma, May 3-21.)—J.R.M.

**Rhoda Sklar:** These stippled, close-valued compositions which usually exploit variations of a single color are fantasies of a particularly monolithic kind, with landscapes, birds, abstract personages and paleolithic beasts emerging from rocklike surfaces. Miss Sklar measures a mood through tonal color very sensitively, like an Albers without science, but it is conditioned by her imagery which it in turn conditions. Her sense of structure seems tight because of the dense surfaces, but her drawing is feathery and her basalt lighthearted. Hers is an antediluvian fairy tale. Her more recent work shows streaks of color as if we might soon expect to see light in her cavellike dominion. (Bodley, May 10-27.)—S.T.

**Harriette Harra:** In the landscapes the palette-knife texture, spread in small enameled strokes in a light orange and green painting with faint boats, and in sharper, changeable ones in *Red Forest*, becomes somewhat panoramic, describing more space than that encompassed by the actual view; the suggestion is the most interesting aspect of this conventional work. The similar texture of the still lifes is pedantic within the outlines of the objects. (F. A. R., May 2-14.)—D.J.

**John Pike:** These expertly painted water colors by a veteran water-colorist and illustrator capture the crispness of winter landscape, the spray from a waterfall and the suspension of a morning fog with an assurance that makes it all look effortless. Pike's is a "popular" art. It dramatizes, idealizes and romanticizes before it envisions in a contentious way that makes it all plastic. His pictures all exist solely for the sake of a single sensation, and some are notably achieved, particularly *Birds of Prey*, where the sense of soaring is built to dramatize the incipient descent of the birds. (Grand Central, Mar. 29-Apr. 16.)—S.T.

**Antonio Toribio:** This first one-man show for the young Dominican sculptor (who now lives in New York) is very promising in its clean-cut, well-stated abstract form, which derives partly from Cubism and partly from archaic Carib Indian sculpture. Most of the pieces are of welded iron and combine spiky open structure (reminiscent of Gonzalez) with an impressive, localized massiness. Toribio's tendency is toward increasing abstraction. The ten

drawings exhibited with the sculptures—many of them so fulfilled as to be paintings—are extremely abstract and yet suggest sculptural forms which, if executed in metal, might take a direction like that of Lassaw. (Fulton Street, May 1-30.)—G.D.

**Fumiko Matsuda:** The line and flat areas of these paintings of the sea and white houses and the appurtenances of living in Ibiza divide between the archness of magazine illustrations and a mild formality and even actual detail of traditional Japanese art; most of the works are inconsistent. Best are the simplest paintings, such as *Starry Night*, in which the dark ambience of the sea contrasts enough with the house to obviate line. (F. A. R., May 16-June 3.)—D.J.

**James Pichette:** This is the first one-man show in New York for the young French painter. His small abstractions are a little reminiscent of Wols, but are brighter, looser, and much less cohesive. There is some verve and dash in the work, but—as is typical of recent French production—it is not convincing; it is rather the statement of an attitude than the true fact of the case. (Landry, Apr. 5-23.)—G.D.

**Marcel Dudouet, Pierre Ino, Paul Guirmand:** Guirmand's landscapes and still lifes have the light quality of sketches blocked in with big, bright patches of color. Dudouet's landscapes are more realistic, though they are given a very personal tone by the use of cool colors and stark but not dramatic contrasts. Ino is superficially in the Surrealist tradition—a further dilution via Dali: slick symbolism in a very glossy finish. (Hammer, Apr. 26-May 7.)—G.D.

**John Fischer:** A bewildering array of parts from abstract and realistic Expressionism intermittently occur in the essentially representational space of these paintings, which depict a personal mythology—I Am, I Will, I Was. Some details begin to be understandable, but the spatial incoherence strangles them. The most nearly abstract work, *Love's Labor Lost*, is preferable to the remainder; the vigorous squiggles and sharp, black streaks are suggestive of Hofmann, but unfortunately are placed on an airy depth of brushwork. (Galerie En-Bas, Apr. 26-May 17.)—D.J.

**Bernice Greenberg, Bea Begman:** Miss Greenberg's Expressionism exhibits no clearly formed ideas about color, but hers is a principled urge that needs more of the discipline evident in *Oranges and Philodendrons*, where the mobile patterns are under control. Miss Begman paints landscapes, flowers and figures dissolving in a cloying, half-understood Impressionism. (Panoras, May 16-28.)—S.T.

**Lloyd Etters:** The heavy heads of Old Testament figures are the focus of attention in these oil paintings on rice paper. Painted in a broadly Expressionist style, with a liberal use of black to set off brilliant color, the works are dramatically foreboding, with the cavernous eyes especially implying, in a modern figurative idiom, the sense of ancient mystery. (Adam-Ahab II, Apr. 19-May 3.)—A.V.

**Lilian MacKendrick:** Painted in a late Impressionist vein often recalling Bonnard in their choice of color and motif, these pictures are largely still lifes, landscapes and figures done in glowing colors and reflecting a delightful *joie de vivre*. Particularly fine are the pastels depicting fruits and flowers. If there is still a public for which pictures are frankly to be enjoyed for their beauty of color and design rather than as expression of the spiritual crisis of our age, this show should be popular. (Hirschl and Adler, May 10-31.)—H.M.

**Charles Sturm:** Simple figures in dramatic relationships that are underscored by color are Sturm's forte. He uses pastel boldly, and to best effect in



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the dark-keyed *Aftermath, The Clearing* and *Five Weeded Widows*. In these he concentrates on com-  
posing the dramatic situation; studies of single  
figures can show an academic abstraction, which  
Sturm, who is self-taught, should not suffer. (Adam-  
Abah II, Apr. 6-20.)—A.V.

**Yovan:** These paintings of Paris scenes and still  
lives are primarily notable for their rich, sensuous  
colors, particularly reds and blues which are built  
up to radiant, gleaming tones. (Juster, Apr. 18-  
May 7.)—B.B.

**Elliott Means:** Memories of the Old West are re-  
captured in detail by an artist who was born and  
raised there but whose photographic realism seems  
anachronistic in the context of subject matter that  
dates well before the advent of color photography.  
(Grand Central, May 10-20.) . . . **Jacob Drachler:**  
An English teacher in Brooklyn, Drachler gives  
his paintings Hebrew titles, perhaps to confirm the  
archaic mysticism of symbolic arrangements of  
textural color masses. (Contemporary Arts, Apr.  
25-May 13.) . . . **Jack L. Gray:** Idealizations of the  
rugged life of Nova Scotia fishermen are full of  
those technical details of ships, nets and wave-tossed  
oceans that would delight the outdoorsman. (Ken-  
nedy, Apr. 21-Mar. 10.) . . . **Elizabeth Frieden-  
berg:** Chunks of mosaic and other found objects  
are worked into paintings which are closer to reliefs  
but are called collages. (Internationale, Apr. 2-  
16.) . . . **Pem:** The artists assays an Expressionism  
alternately pale and pungent, painting melancholy  
ladies with birds, a group of male nudes and spectral-  
ized figures with overworked haste. (Condon Riley,  
Apr. 26-May 7.) . . . **Etienne Ret:** Very chic nudes  
and pale Neo-Classical heads are frequently achieved  
with monotype and then retouched by this French  
artist who lives in Washington, D.C. (Nessler, May  
9-28.) . . . **Gerda Bernstein:** The technique is  
frequently thick and violent, the intent very primi-  
tive, but these paintings by a German-born artist  
from Chicago include a reclining nude in the clas-  
sical pose and a suckling child. (Angeleski, May 2-  
14.) . . . **Dan Taulbee:** A copper miner from Butte  
and part Comanche, Taulbee paints the Wild Old  
West as it was in oils and water colors, with more  
success in the latter. (Burr, May 8-21.) . . . **Serhij  
Pastukhiv:** Romantically moody landscapes and  
tempestuous seascapes are favored in this group of  
pastels and oils. (Panoras, May 30-June 11.) . . .

**Amy Walker:** Abstract or real, Miss Walker's  
paintings are involved with movement, frequently  
a circular one. (Panoras, May 2-14.) . . . **Geral-  
dine Stern:** Like bits torn from a ruffled sea, Miss  
Stern's arcs of overlapping color are clustered on  
blank grounds with which they show little formal  
connection. (Bodley, May 9-27.) . . . **George Nel-  
son Preston:** Three paintings of *Crows over Yaddo  
Cornfields* have less of the flimsiness of Preston's  
other works but suffer from the same effort to draw  
mood from indecisive treatment. (Duo, May 21-  
June 4.) . . . **Edna:** "Dance Ideas in Art" are  
painted by a former dancer whose abstract arabes-  
ques and faint, dancing figures show a natural  
empathy for flowing movement. (Pietrantonio, May  
1-15.) . . . **Joseph L. Feldman:** Bleeding and  
fusing masses of water color seem crumpled and  
unkempt even by accidental standards. (Duo, Apr.  
22-May 9.) . . . **Irene Moss:** Where color is the  
issue, Miss Moss favors Impressionism in the  
painting of a European town, but elsewhere her  
canvases are blocked out rather simply if not fully  
in more conventional tones. (Crespi, May 30-June  
10.) . . . **John W. Hilton:** Artist, author, natural-  
ist and explorer, Hilton paints the desert country  
of the American West invariably in a rosy or cop-  
per light and with a great deal of sentimental  
reverence that finds only beauty in its trackless  
solitude. (Grand Central, Apr. 19-30.) . . . **N. S.  
Haley:** *Snappedragons*, in a folded, scumbled de-  
sign, is treated to more organization than her other-  
wise loose arrangements of planes, which clutch  
machine and animal forms, usually given in line,

and pictographic renditions of trees. (Pietrantonio,  
Apr. 16-30.)—S.T.

**Letterio Calapai:** Although brilliant from a tech-  
nical point of view, these engravings and etchings,  
which take the seven last words of Christ as their  
theme, are too obscure in their imagery to realize  
the vision their titles suggest. (Deitsch, Mar. 29-  
Apr. 16.) . . . **Jan Peter Stern:** These cut-out  
metal forms and honeycomb cardboard structures  
show a resourceful and clever design in the  
Bauhaus tradition, but they are hardly substantial  
enough to warrant an exhibition as expressive  
works of art. (Barone, Mar. 29-Apr. 23.) . . .  
**Tcheng:** The bold and large Chinese characters  
in the so-called grass style look very modern in  
spite of their being traditional calligraphy, for the  
magnificent sweep of their brush strokes and the  
form and spacing recall the work of contemporary  
painters. (Mi Chou, Apr. 26-May 21.)—H.M.

**Gene Kowalski:** A knowledgeable and brusque  
style dominates this first showing of oils that  
range between an abstract and a figurative mode.  
(Artzt, May 12-23.) . . . **Jean Lareuse:** A simul-  
taneous exhibition of oils, water colors and draw-  
ings in two galleries, this work is stylized and  
anecdotal in its treatment of the figure, with some-  
thing of a Pre-Raphaelite flavor in one or two of  
the water colors. (Paris and Moretti Galleries,  
May 8-28.) . . . **Edwin Koch, Willard Degen:**  
Shafted interiors or constructions of intersecting  
planes in high-key white, browns and yellows indi-  
cate a careful and considered talent by the former;  
Degen's heavy color and bizarre forms make a  
vivid instantaneous impression, but a certain wild-  
ness in the structuring suggests lack of control.  
(Artzt, Apr. 27-May 9.) . . . **Ann Brubeck,  
Uta von Bern:** The figurative lurks under a num-  
ber of Miss Brubeck's abstract-seeming canvases  
—a statue of Cupid in the snow, cypress against  
the sky; Miss von Bern's paintings are more ab-  
stract, with a certain vigor but an uneven tech-  
nique. (Artzt, May 10-21.)—J.R.M.

**Dick Ireland:** In this first one-man show, of water  
colors and large oils, the colors are bright, almost  
garish, and show a German Expressionist influ-  
ence; *Earth Queen*, one of the smaller paintings,  
is the most fluent. (March Gallery, Apr. 22-May  
12.) . . . **William Rubencamp:** This artist is  
nothing if not prolific; canvases in many styles  
and shapes (he cuts out pieces of the painted-on  
canvas) fill this small gallery with chaotic contor-  
tions in color. (Carmel, Mar. 18-Apr. 3.) . . .  
**Marc Ratliff, Tom Wesselman:** Whatever the  
effect Ratliff's poetic scumble of oil paint on can-  
vas is meant to convey is completely dissipated by  
the total incoherence of any recognizable form or  
structure. Wesselman's small panels of collages  
and crayon show people and interiors that have  
a primitive charm; the decorative quality of the  
patterned papers have a richness akin to Penn-  
sylvania Dutch embroidery—unpretentious and  
charming. (Judson, May 6-27.) . . . **Lee Deffe-  
bach, Philip Held:** In Deffenbach's recent paint-  
ings washes of grayed color and blurred edges  
are employed to give biomorphic shapes Surrealist  
overtones. Held's nonobjective paintings succeed  
when the colors are bright and the paint strokes  
are lightly applied; *Sausalito Orange* and *San  
Francisco 5* are the best examples. (Camino,  
Apr. 22-May 12.)—H.D.M.

**News Note:** Starting Wednesday, May 4, and  
on each Wednesday throughout the summer  
months, the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum,  
at 1071 Fifth Avenue in New York, will re-  
main open until 9 p.m. Announcement of the  
new hours was made following a two-month  
survey of Museum visitors by the Gallup  
Organization, Inc.

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## WHERE TO SHOW

### National

**Boston, Mass.:** Henri Studio Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. All painting and graphic media. Prize: one-man show. No fee. Write: Secretary, Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

**Chautauqua, N. Y.:** 3rd National Chautauqua Exhibition of American Art, Chautauqua Institution, July 3-23. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel. Jury. Prizes (first prize for oil, \$1,000). Entry cards and crated work due June 17, other work due June 18-20. Write: Mrs. Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y.

**Cooperstown, N. Y.:** Cooperstown Art Association 25th Annual Summer Exhibition, Village Library Building, July 30-Aug. 25. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, pastel, graphic, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 first entry, \$1 each additional. Entries due July 15-17. Write: Frank C. Carpenter, Cooperstown Art Assn., Village Library Building, Cooperstown, N. Y.

**Flushing, N. Y.:** Art Alliance of Women in Flushing 1th Annual Outdoor Exhibition, June 4-5, 11-12, Murray Hill Square, Flushing. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, pastel, sculpture, ceramics. Prizes. Fee: \$3 (\$1 for "junior" artists, 12-18). Entry cards and work due June 4. Write: Mae O'Meara, 40-17 149 Place, Flushing 54, N. Y.

**Gloucester, Mass.:** 3rd Summer Art Festival. Gloucester Art Institute and American Historical Association, June 15-July 10. Open to all artists. Media: oil, casein, water color, small sculpture, graphics. Fee: \$5 for non-members. Entry cards due June 6, work due June 10. Write: Director, Gloucester Art Institute, 22 Western Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

**New York, N. Y.:** Overseas exhibitions of American graphic art sponsored by U. S. Committee of the International Association of Plastic Art, organized and selected by the Society of American Graphic Artists. Open to all U. S. printmakers. Entries due May 28. Write: Society of American Graphic Artists, Inc., 1083 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.

**Arts Center Gallery Monthly Shows.** Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Arts Center Gallery, 545 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

**City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Exhibitions.** Open to all artists. Medium: oil. Prizes. Work for June exhibition due May 12 & 13. Write: Ruth Yates, Director, City Center Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

**Newport, R. I.:** 49th Annual Exhibition, Art Association of Newport, July 2-24. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, prints, small sculpture. Jury. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due June 10, work due June 17. Write: Annual Exhibition Committee, Art Association of Newport, 76 Bellevue Ave., Newport, R. I.

**Ogunquit, Me.:** Ogunquit Art Center 40th Annual National Exhibition of Paintings, June 27-Sept. 5. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, tempera, casein. Prizes (awarded by visitors' vote). Entry cards and work due June 10. Write: N. Vayana, Director, The Art Center, Hoyt's Lane, Ogunquit, Me.

**Portland, Me.:** Portland Summer Art Festival, Portland Museum of Art, July 20-Sept. 3. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards and work due June 15. Write: Festival Committee, Portland Museum of Art, 111 High St., Portland, Me.

**Providence, R. I.:** 2nd Annual Rhode Island Fine Arts Festival, Providence Mall, May 16-30. Open to all artists. Media: painting, graphics, sculpture, crafts, photography. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due May 5, work due May 7. Write: Rhode Island Arts Festival, Box 5421, Providence, R. I.

**Sonoma, Calif.:** Mother Lode Art Association 8th Annual Exhibition, June 25-July 9. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 for two paintings. Entry cards and work due June 16-18. Write: Mrs. Frankie Suter, 10 N. Norlin St., Sonoma, California.

**Virginia Beach, Va.:** 5th Annual Boardwalk Art Show, Virginia Beach Art Association, July 7-11. Open to all artists. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Mrs. Gordon Atwill, Mayflower Apartments, Virginia Beach, Va.

**Youngstown, O.:** 25th Annual, Butler Institute of American Art, July 3-Sept. 5. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due May 1-June 5. Write: Sec'y, Butler Institute, 524 Wick Avenue, Youngstown, O.

### Regional

**Albany, N. Y.:** 25th Annual Exhibition, Artists of the Upper Hudson, Albany Institute of History and Art, June 3-July 4. Open to artists living within a 100-mile area of Albany. Media: oil, water color, pastel, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due May 18-22. Write: Albany Institute of History and Art, 125 Washington Ave., Albany 10, N. Y.

**Barnegat Light, N. J.:** 3rd Annual, June 25-Sept. 6. Open to artists of N. Y., Conn., N. J., Penna., Dela. Media: oil, water color, graphics. Write: Sidney Rothman, c/o James E. Mack & Sons, 258 S. 15th St., Philadelphia 2, Penna.

**Boston, Mass.:** Henri Studio Gallery Spring Juried Show. Open to residents of New York and New England. All painting media. Prize: one-man show. No fee. Entries due May 9-13. Write: Thelma Bahm, Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.:** Brooklyn Arts Gallery 2nd Annual Sunday Painters Competition, Hotel Bossert, June 4-5. Open to artists living in Brooklyn, Manhattan, Long Island and Westchester. Media: painting, graphic, sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for each work. Entry cards and work due May 21, 22, 28. Write: Brooklyn Arts Gallery, 141 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Clinton, N. J.:** Hunterdon County Art Center 7th Statewide Exhibition, June 5-July 5. Open to all New Jersey artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Work due May 15. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

**Los Angeles, Calif.:** 1960 Annual Exhibition, Artists of Los Angeles and Vicinity, Los Angeles County Museum, Aug. 17-Oct. 2. Media: oil, casein, duco, egg tempera and related media. Jury: Richard Diebenkorn, San Francisco painter; Henry Francis, Curator of Paintings, Prints and Drawings at the Cleveland Museum of Art; Clement Greenberg, New York author and critic. Work due May 27. Write: Los Angeles County Museum, Exposition Park, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

**New Canaan, Conn.:** 11th Annual New England Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, Silvermine Guild of Artists, June 5-July 4. Open to artists from the six New England States, N. Y., N. J., Penna., All painting and sculpture media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entries due May 10-15 (sculptors submit photographs). Write: Mrs. Ethel Margolies, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan, Conn.

**New Haven, Conn.:** New Haven Festival of Arts, June 22-28. Open to New England artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due June 8, 9. Write: Paul V. Tedeschi, Chairman, Fine Arts Committee, New Haven Festival of the Arts, Inc., 152 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

**Rhinebeck, N. Y.:** Annual Hudson Valley Artists' Exhibition, Beekman Art Gallery, June 27-July 16. Open to artists living within 100 miles of the Hudson Valley at least two months of the year. Media: all painting, drawing, graphic, small sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for one or two works in each category. Entry cards due June 10, work due June 17-18. Write: Mrs. G. J. Schwindler, Director, Beekman Art Gallery, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

**Seattle, Wash.:** West Coast Oil Painting Exhibition, July 10-Aug. 5. Frye Museum. Open to West Coast artists. Jury. \$1,000 purchase prize. No fee. Entries accepted until June 30. Write: Margaret Dinwoodey, Frye Free Public Art Museum, Terry at Cherry, Seattle, Wash.

**Spokane, Wash.:** Pacific Northwest 14th Annual Exhibit, Cheney-Cowles Memorial Museum, May 11-June 12. Open to residents of Wash., Ore., Ida., Mont., Wyo. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due May 3. Write: Nan Wiley, W. 2952 Grandview, Spokane, Wash.

**Tarrytown, N. Y.:** Junior League of Tarrytown 2nd Annual "Art in the Park" Exhibition, May 14-15. Open to artists from Hastings through Montrose and Rockland County, N. Y. Jury. Write: "Art in the Park," Box 102, Tarrytown, N. Y.

**Toledo, O.:** 42nd Annual Exhibition, Toledo Area Artists, Toledo Museum of Art, May 8-June 5. Open to residents of designated Ohio and Michigan counties. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due April 14. Write: Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, O.



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S/May 1960

## THE CLASSICS

continued from page 15

Borgo has irritated us so much. He suggests that Raphael is presenting a drama according to the laws of Aristotle. He seems to me wrong; all painting in the Renaissance is conditioned by drama as in the age of Pater it has been conditioned by music: named people, in emotional interrelationship, at a climactic moment, appear in a stage space, in front of us. The oddity of this work of Raphael is clear in its echoes in Mannerists like Rosso, which we no longer call odd because we know the principle there. But I do not wish to argue with Badt in detail. I want only to suggest the different sort of meaning that arises when we deal with an old master who is not just of the year.

Creighton Gilbert

## BOOKS

continued from page 19

rectangular planning, just as they promised the most ornamental structure and space. As compared to earlier explorations of these themes, Wright's latest works attempt a Baroque continuity of space with more massive components than the modular repetitions of angle and circle in his work of the twenties and thirties. Circles extend to spirals; angles assume powerful directional thrusts. Bold as these last works often are, it must be admitted, however, that after 1950 they do not match in quality the best of his early work.

Whatever the combination of external causes which account for the general falling off of quality during the final decade—failing power, too much work, too many assistants, the desire for a final flourish—there was also too much of an effort to extend old forms to the outermost limits of their possibilities rather than to invent fresh forms designed to meet the structural and architectural problems in hand—forms which might have created a grand conclusion of majestic austerity or melodic serenity rather than one of theatricality. Wright's last works, therefore, do not become more profound than his earlier work, as, for example, do Le Corbusier's and even perhaps Mies', but simply more sensational and more popular. Many of the drawings (not all by any means, since Wright never lost his skill as a master draftsman) become hard and mechanical, as though simplified to meet the crush of commissions and the demands of magazine reproduction. The building forms tend to become more flaccid, as one can see for himself in the comparison of the plans for the D. D. Martin House of 1904 and that for the projected house for Raoul Baillères of 1952 which here appear on opposite pages. The juxtaposed forms in his buildings tend to become blunter and cruder in their relationships with one another, while ornament and detail seem more perfunctory.

Whatever their inadequacies with respect to earlier masterworks, however, the final buildings show no diminution of Wright's audacity. Indeed, taken as a whole, the buildings of this final period flout conventional ideas of architecture more thoroughly than those of any other period in his career. As the drawings make especially clear, the synthesizing power of Wright's vision accounts for this audacity. From quick sketch to elaborate perspective, as Mr. Mayor reminds us, "His drawings tell so much because he refrains from drawing until he has meditated the building in all its essentials. As he alters, in his imagination, a precise but still fluid idea, each afterthought automatically readjusts the whole, the way a puff of breath re-shapes the whole of a cloud of tobacco smoke." In the synthesizing grasp of such a titanic imagination even the slightest sketch becomes "organic," while even the most complex development retains the force of the unifying idea.

William H. Jordy

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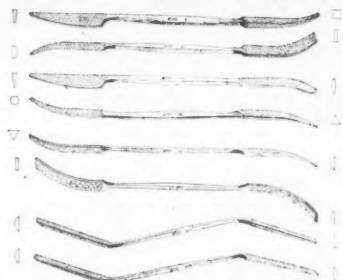


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any); limits (if any); jury; awards; estimated totals—entries, accepted,  
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## CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

### NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

**AKRON, OHIO**  
ART INSTITUTE, Apr. 30-June 5: 37th Annual May Show  
**ALBANY, N. Y.**  
INSTITUTE OF ART AND HISTORY, May 9-30: Contemporary American Water Colors  
**ATLANTA, GA.**  
ART ASSOCIATION, May 16-June: Contemporary French Tapestry; May 16-June 26: Folk Art  
**NEW ARTS GALLERY**, to May 13: Paintings and Sculpture; May 15-June 4: J. Almyda  
**BALTIMORE, MD.**  
MUSEUM, to May 15: A. Yunkers; May 4-31: 20th Century American Paintings; to May 29: J. Lipchitz; thru May: Toulouse-Lautrec  
**WALTERS ART GALLERY**, Apr. 23-June 5: 5,000 Years of Persian Art  
**BERLIN, GERMANY**  
FUNKTUM, May 6-June 6: Great Berlin Art Exhibition  
**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**  
MUSEUM, to May 21: Contemporary French Tapestries; May 1-30: A. Granata  
**BOSTON, MASS.**  
DOLL & RICHARDS, May 9-26: J. Connaway  
KANEGIS, to May 12: T. Marin  
MIRSKI, May 7-28: R. Preusser  
MUSEUM, May 19-June 26: Feininger Memorial Exhibition  
NOVA, to May 14: M. Reich; May 17-June 4: M. Powers  
**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**  
FOGG MUSEUM, Apr. 27-May 29: Rembrandt Drawings from American Collections  
**CARBONDALE, ILL.**  
SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY, Apr. 17-May 14: New York Artists  
**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**  
MINT MUSEUM, to May 19: Horace Richter Collection of Contemporary Art  
**CHATTANOOGA, TENN.**  
HUNTER GALLERY OF ART, thru June 15: 3 Danish Printmakers; May 13-June 12: Drawings from Latin America  
**CHICAGO, ILL.**  
ART INSTITUTE, to May 15: Form Givers at Mid-Century 15 Painters from Paris; May 17-June 18: Joseph Winterbotham Collection; May 17-June 18: 20th Annual Society for Contemporary American Art; to June 5: Japanese Prints; May 1-31: Haniwa  
FINDLAY, May: de Botton  
HOLLAND-GOLDOWSKY, Apr. 22-May 19: E. Vicente  
**CINCINNATI, OHIO**  
MUSEUM, to May 22: 1960 International Biennial of Prints; to May 30: W. Zorach  
**CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
MUSEUM, May 4-June 12: Cleveland Artists  
**COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.**  
LAZUK GALLERY, May 1-21: A. Van Loen  
**COLOGNE, GERMANY**  
KUNSTVEREIN, to May 22: Italian Futurists  
SCHNUTGEN MUSEUM, to June 5: Masterpieces of Medieval Art  
WALLRAF-RICHARTZ-MUSEUM, to July 10: E. Vuillard  
**COLUMBIA, S. C.**  
MUSEUM, to May 15: S. Eastman  
**COLUMBUS, OHIO**  
GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, to May 30: 50th Annual Columbus Art League Exhibition  
**COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.**  
FENIMORE HOUSE, to June: New-Found American Primitive Paintings  
**DALLAS, TEX.**  
MUSEUM FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS, May 10-June 19: 6 American Artists  
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, May: Annual Dallas County Exhibition  
**DAYTON, OHIO**  
ART INSTITUTE, May 4-June 5: G. Hall; May 28-June 19: Art School Annual Show  
**DAVENPORT, IOWA**  
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, to May 15: J. Noe; May 15-June 5: A. E. Neahring  
**DENVER, COLO.**  
MUSEUM, May 1-20: Own Your Own  
**DES MOINES, IOWA**  
ART CENTER, May 26-June 12: Form-Givers at Mid-Century  
**EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.**  
GUILL HALL, May 13-30: Eastern Long Island Crafts Then and Now  
**EUGENE, ORE.**  
MUSEUM, to May 15: Wood, Sculpture and Graphics; May 17-June 5: C. Morris  
**FORT WAYNE, IND.**  
MUSEUM, to May 22: American Scene Show  
**FORT WORTH, TEX.**  
ART CENTER, to May 29: A. Albers  
**GARDEN CITY, N. Y.**  
ROOSEVELT ART GALLERY, May 2-28: W. Chaiken; R. Vodka  
**HAMBURG, GERMANY**  
KUNSTVEREIN, to May 15: E. Roeder, W. Drenckhan; May 27-June 3: Henry Moore  
**HARTFORD, CONN.**  
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, thru May: The Visual Image; to May 29: Museum Directors Collect; Eight from Connecticut  
**HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.**  
HOFSTRA COLLEGE, May 2-13: Graduating Seniors' Show; May 16-27: Student Annual

**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**  
JOHN HERRON ART MUSEUM, May 1-29: Indiana Artists Exhibition; May 15-June 5: Indiana Print Exhibition  
**KANSAS CITY, MO.**  
WM. ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY, May: Anatomy and Art  
**LA JOLLA, CALIF.**  
ART CENTER, to May 15: 1st 1960 All-Media Membership; to May 22: R. Morris; May 22-June 29: African Sculpture  
**LONDON, ENGLAND**  
NEW VISION CENTRE GALLERY, May 2-22: Dutch Informal Group  
WADDINGTON, May 3-28: Roger Hilton  
**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**  
COUNTY MUSEUM, to May 15: Sculpture in Our Time, Old Master Drawings  
ESTHER-ROBLES, May 2-21: J. Hultberg; May 9-28: Piza; May 23-June 11: L. La Brocquy  
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, to May 15: California Water Color Society  
TOWER GALLERY, May 10-29: Women Painters of the West  
**LOUISVILLE, KY.**  
SPEED MUSEUM, May: 1959-60; Whitney Annual  
**LUDWIGSBURG, GERMANY**  
SCHLOSS, from May 15: Baroque Courtly Art  
**MANCHESTER, N. H.**  
CURRIER GALLERY, to May 15: Munakata; May 1-29: Jacques Vi lon  
**MIAMI BEACH, FLA.**  
MARBLE ARCH GALLERY, to June 15: 10 Americans  
**MILAN, ITALY**  
PALAZZO REALE, to June 30: 20th Century Italian Art from American Collections  
**MILWAUKEE, WISC.**  
ART CENTER, to June 12: Japanese Art; to May 15: Chinese Art Owned in Wisconsin; 7th Annual Art Directors Exhibition; May 19-June 19: Annual Wisconsin Art Exhibition; to May 15: Recent Gifts  
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE, May 8-31: P. Takal  
**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**  
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, to May 18: Atelier 17; J. Beauchamp; May 3-June 15: J. Johns; May 18-June 20: Student Art Show  
WALKER ART CENTER, to May 22: W. Saltzman; to June 5: Portraits in Bronze  
**MONTCLAIR, N. J.**  
MUSEUM, May 8-29: Eskimo Art; May 22-June 12: Callot & Daumier  
**MORA, DALARNA, SWEDEN**  
ZORN MUSEUM, May 29-Aug. 1: A. Zorn Centennial Show  
**MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.**  
GALLERY 10, May 15-30: L. Dor; E. Mc Knight  
**MUNICH, GERMANY**  
HAUS DER KUNST, to May 29: P. Gauguin  
STADTISCHE GALERIE, May 6-June 1: H. Richter  
**NEWARK, N. J.**  
MUSEUM, to May 22: Old Master Drawings; to June 12: Collage Exhibition  
**NEW CANAAN, CONN.**  
SILVERMINE GUILD, to May 12: Walter Bareiss Collection  
**NEW HOPE, PENN.**  
GALLERY 10, May 1-31: Rental Gallery  
**NEW LONDON, CONN.**  
LYMAN ALLYN MUSEUM, to May 15: Five Arts; May 20-June 5: Student Art Show  
**OLD WESTBURY, N. Y.**  
WHITNEY ESTATE, May 13-22: North Shore Art Festival  
**OMAHA, NEBR.**  
JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, to May 22: Gladys Lloyd Robinson Collection  
**PARIS, FRANCE**  
CLERT, May: M. Goeritz  
CORDIER, May: J. Dubuffet  
CREUZEVAULT, May 3-31: Clave  
FRANCE, GALERIE DE, to May 15: Prasinos; May 17-June 16: Soulagues  
LEIRIS, May 20-June 11: A. Beaudin  
RENE, May: Herbin, Last Works  
RIVE DROIT, May 3-June 2: Karel Appel  
STAND 207, May: Francis Delaye  
VILLAND ET GALANIS, May 12-July 10: Esteve  
**PASADENA, CALIF.**  
MUSEUM, to May 18: C. Everts; to May 29: Santos; to June 1: Pasadena Society of Artists 36th Annual Show; to June 5: Georges Braque; to May 23: Chao Shao-An  
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, to May 15: Painting in Postwar Italy; May 4-June 5: Best Pictures of the Year; May 6-June 5: E. Hoberg; 3 Man Show; May 18-June 3: P. Lipman-Wulf; G. Peterdi; May 18-June 5: 5 Young Water Colorists  
MUSEUM, Apr. 23-May 29: Mary Cassatt  
PRINT CLUB, May: B. Spruce  
SESSLER, Apr. 22-May 14: Yarnall  
U. OF PENNSYLVANIA, to Aug. 30: Wonder and Horror of the Human Head  
WANAMAKER'S, May 25-June 6: Parker  
ITALIAT Exhibition  
WOODMERE GALLERY, May 1-22: Annual Juried Exhibition  
**PHOENIX, ARIZ.**  
MUSEUM, May: L. Bemelmans

EU, May 1-29:  
May 15-June 1:  
GALLERY, May:

1st 1960 All-  
22: R. Morris;  
culture

ERY, May 2-22:  
2: Roger Hillen

May 15: Sculpture  
Drawings  
21: J. Hultberg;  
June 11: L. Le

to May 15: Calli-  
29: Women Paint-

959-60; Whitney  
ANY  
Baroque Courly

y 15: Munakata,  
to June 15: 10

30: 20th Century  
Collections

Japanese Art; to  
ed in Wisconsin;  
Exhibition; May  
onsin Art Exhibi-

COLLEGE, May 8-  
OTA, to May 18:  
May 3-June 15:  
Student Art Show  
May 22: W. Saltz-  
in Bronze

mo Art; May 22:  
TEN  
Aug. 1: A. Zam

L. Dor; E. Mc  
y 29: P. Gougain  
y 6-June 1: R.

ld Master Draw-  
Exhibition

May 12: Walter  
Rental Gallery

to May 15: Five  
dent Art Show

2-22: North Shore  
May 22: Gladys

et  
Clave  
to May 15: Pro-  
soulages  
A. Beaudin  
Works  
2: Karel Appel  
Delaye  
May 12-July 16:

verts; to May 29:  
adena Society of  
ow; to June 5:  
23: Chao Shao-An

TS, to May 15:  
y May 4-June 5:  
y May 6-June 5:  
y May 18:  
Peters; May 18:  
Colorists  
29: Mary Cassatt  
ource  
Yarnall  
Aug. 30: Wonder  
Head  
5-June 6: Parker

May 1-22: Annual  
elms

**PITTSBURGH, PA.**  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, to May 22: Design  
Forecast; to June 5: Modern Japanese Print-  
makers; May 15-June 5: B. Spiegel

**PORTLAND, ME.**  
PORTLAND, through May: Maine Sculptors  
PORTLAND, ORE.

MUSEUM, May 1-29: Museum Art School  
Annual; M. Wilson

**PRINCETON, N. J.**  
MUSEUM, May 4-29: Chinese Paintings;  
May 7-June 5: Modern European Painting

**PROVIDENCE, R. I.**  
PROVIDENCE MALL, May 16-30: 2nd R. I.  
Arts Festival

**REUTLINGEN, GERMANY**  
SPENDHAUS, HANS THOMA SOCIETY, May  
1-29: A. Kubin

**RICHMOND, CALIF.**  
ART CENTER GALLERY, May 6-June 5: 24th  
Annual R.A.C. Exhibition

**RICHMOND, VA.**  
MUSEUM, to May 15: Sport and the Horse  
BOANOCHE, VA.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, May 15-June 12: The En-  
gravings of Pieter Brueghel, the Elder

**ROCKFORD, ILL.**  
ROCKFORD COLLEGES GALLERY, to May  
20: B. Deon; May 21-June 14: German Ex-  
pressionists

**ROMNEY, W. VA.**  
STUDIO 7 GALLERY, to May 15: Perspec-  
tives; May 16-June 5: 3 European Painters

**ROSARIO, ARGENTINA**  
ART GALLERY, May 5-20: M. Lazansky  
ROSWELL, N. M.

ART MUSEUM, to May 25: Contemporary  
Painting in Los Angeles; May 1-27: J. L.  
Funk; Roswell Art Annual

**ROWAYTON, CONN.**  
FIVE MILE RIVER GALLERY from May 7:  
Contemporary Americans

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
CITY ART MUSEUM, to June 9: Development  
of Printmaking; May 6-29: Washington  
U. Student Show; May 5-June 12: Recent  
Sculpture U.S.A.

**ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY**, to Aug: Morton D.  
May Collection

**SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**  
THE FINE ARTS GALLERY, Apr. 8-June 5:  
Tibetan Bronzes and Paintings

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**  
BOLLES GALLERY, to May 13: San Fran-  
cisco 1960; May 19-June 18: New York's  
10th Street Painters

**DE YOUNG MUSEUM**, May 1-30: Chi Pai-  
Shih; to May 26: R. Asawa; from May 10:  
Brundage Collection of Asian Art

**DILEX GALLERY**, to May 21: J. Anderson  
MUSEUM, through May 15: Le Corbusier

**SAN MARINO, CALIF.**  
HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GAL-  
LERY, May: Medieval English Manuscripts

**SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.**  
MUSEUM, to May 15: A. Derain; Apr. 26-  
May 22: Akio; May 3-29: Early Botanical  
Prints; May 16-June 12: Spanish Colonial  
Art; May: New York by Bemelmans

**SANTA FE, ARGENTINA**  
ART GALLERY, May 25-June 10: M. Lazansky  
SCRANTON, PA.

EVERHART MUSEUM, May: A. L. Bayre  
SEATTLE, WASH.

MUSEUM, May 1-31: Norwegian Tapestries;  
May 7-June 7: 19th Annual Northwest  
Water Color Exhibit

**FRYE MUSEUM**, to May 13: K. Gemberling;  
M. Stevens; May 15-June 6: A Rationale  
for Modern Art

**HENRY GALLERY**, May 15-June 12: Biennial  
Acquisitions from Santa Barbara Museum  
SELIGMAN, May: H. Morris; P. Bonifas

**TOLEDO, OHIO**  
MUSEUM, May 1-29: 42nd Annual Toledo  
Area Artists Exhibition

**TORONTO, CANADA**  
ART GALLERY OF TORONTO, to May 29:  
J. MacDonald; Society of Graphic Art  
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, to May 29: Im-  
posed

**TULSA, OKLA.**  
PHILBROOK ART CENTER, 15th Annual  
American Indian Artists Exhibition

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
CORCORAN, to June 5: American Painters  
of the South; Thomas Eakins; May 1-  
Sept. 11: B. Gross, R. Kramer, B. Lawless  
GRES, Apr. 19-May 14: Yayoi Kusama

**JEFFERSON PLACE GALLERY**, May 16-31:  
Graphic Show

**JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER OF GREAT-**  
ER WASHINGTON, Apr. 29-May 31: Master-  
pieces of Chinese Painting

**ORIGO**, May 10-29: E. Kelley  
**WILLINGTON, DEL.**  
SOCIETY OF THE FINE ARTS, May 5-June  
5: 46th Annual Delaware Show

**WINNIPEG, CANADA**  
ART GALLERY, to May 24: German Artists  
of Today

**WINTER PARK, FLA.**  
ROLLINS COLLEGE, May 2-30: John Singer  
Sargent

**WORCESTER, MASS.**  
MUSEUM, to June 6: Sir Thomas Lawrence

## NEW YORK CITY

**Museums:**  
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LET-  
TERS (633 W. 155), May 25-June 19: New  
Members

**BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), Apr. 12-June 5:**  
Victoriana; May 10-July 27: National  
Print Biennial

**CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS** (29 W. 53),  
through May 15: 1960 National Gold Medal  
Exhibition of the Building Arts

**COOPER UNION** (Cooper Sq.), Apr. 20-  
Aug. 31: The Logic and Magic of Color  
GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), May:

Loas and Recent Acquisitions  
**JEWISH MUSEUM** (1109 5th at 92), Apr.  
26-May 31: Helen Kramer, textile paint-  
ings; Calvin Albert

**METROPOLITAN** (5th at 82), Mar. 23-June  
19: Spingold Collection; Apr. 13-May 15:  
Objects of Near Eastern Art; Apr. 13-Sept.

18: Islamic Art; May 20-Sept. 4: Photog-  
raphy in the Fine Arts II; May 25-July 10:  
Prints Recently Acquired

**MODERN ART** (11 W. 53), Mar. 9-May 15:  
Monet; May 4-June 12: Portraits from the  
Museum Collection

**MORGAN LIBRARY** (29 E. 36), May 10-July  
29: Recent Acquisitions  
**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN** (1083  
5th), May 12-29: National Association of  
Women Artists 68th Annual

**N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY** (170 C.P.W.),  
Mar. 29-Oct.: Artists' Delight and Indus-  
try's Power

**N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY** (42nd at 5), Apr.  
14-Oct. 16: Recent Additions; Apr. 21-  
June 30: The Book of Japan

**PRIMITIVE ART** (15 W. 54), from May 18:  
Lipchitz Collection of Primitive Art  
**RIVERSIDE** (310 Riverside Dr.), May 1-22:

Essex Art Association  
**STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS &  
SCIENCES** (75 Stuyvesant Pl.), Apr. 24-  
June 5: Annual Spring Exhibition

**WHITNEY** (22 W. 54), Apr. 6-May 22:  
Philip Evergood, Retrospective; May 4-June  
22: J. De Creeft, H. Robus, Retrospective

### Galleries:

**A.C.A.** (63 E. 57), May 2-28: Sabina Teich-  
man  
**ADAM-AHAB** 2 (4 St. Marks Pl.), May 2-  
16: Lawrence Woodman, James Nalbud;

May 15-29: Debut for 3  
**ALAN** (766 Mad. at 66), May 2-27: Carroll  
Clear

**ANGELESKI** (1044 Mad. at 79), May 2-14:  
G. Bernstein; May 16-31: Zalmar  
**AREA** (80 E. 10), Apr. 22-May 12: T.  
Boutis; May 13-June 3: Group

**ARGENT** (236 E. 60), May 12-29: 70th  
Anniversary Exhibition  
**ARKER** (171 W. 25), May: Graduating Class  
of the High School of Music and Art

**ARTISTS'** (851 Lex. at 64), May 7-26: Mac-  
cabi Greenfield  
**ARTZT** (142 W. 57), Apr. 27-May 9: W.  
Degen, E. Koch; May 10-21: A. Brubeck,  
U. Van Bern; May 23-June 2: Group; May

12-23: E. Kowalski  
**ASIA HOUSE** (112 E. 64), May 15-June 30:  
Gandhi

**BABCOCK** (805 Mad. at 68), Apr. 25-May  
14: I. Morantz; May 16-June 18: Childe  
Hassam

**BARONE** (1018 Mad. at 79), Apr. 26-May  
21: Maurice Sievan  
**BARZANSKY** (1071 Mad. at 81), May 2-14:  
J. Ansbacher Group; May 16-30: U. Ro-  
mana Group

**BAYER** (51 E. 80), May 10-June 11: Selected  
works  
**BIANCHINI** (16 E. 78), Apr. 12-May 11:  
D. Gnoli; to June 1: Group

**BODLEY** (223 E. 60), May 9-27: G. Stern;  
May 10-27: R. Sklar  
**BORGENICHT** (1018 Mad. at 79), Apr. 26-  
May 14: Sidney Gordin

**BRATA** (89 E. 10), Apr. 22-May 12: S. Ro-  
mana; May 13-June 2: R. Ahr  
**BROOKLYN ARTS** (141 Montague St.), Apr.  
24-May 14: A. Johnson; May 22-June 12:

L. S. Croft; Apr. 23-May 14: Group; May  
15-June 30: Group  
**BURR** (115 W. 55), May 8-21: D. Taulbee;  
May 22-June 4: Society of Animal Artists

**CAMINO** (92 E. 10), Apr. 22-May 12: L.  
Defebach, P. Held; May 13-June 2: 4  
Man Show

**CARAVAN** (132 E. 65), May 4-28: Prize  
Group  
**CARMEL** (82 E. 10), May: Group

**CARSTAIRS** (11 E. 57), Apr. 26-May 27:  
Group  
**CARUS** (243 E. 82), May: Group

**CASTELLI** (4 E. 77), May 10-28: Edward  
Higgins  
**CHALLETT** (1100 Mad. at 83), Mar. 31-  
May 31: Construction and Geometry in  
Painting

**CHASE** (31 E. 64), to May 14: Young Italian  
Artists; May 16-28: Group  
**COBER** (14 E. 69), May 3-21: St. Brice,  
Dimanche; May 24-June 11: Bessie Boris

**COFFEE MILL** (46 W. 56), May: M. F.  
Wagstaff  
**COLLECTOR'S** (49 W. 53), May 16-June 4:  
Jacob Rabinowitz

**CONTEMPORARIES** (992 Mad. at 77), May  
2-21: M. Lazansky  
**CONTEMPORARY ARTS** (19 E. 71), Apr. 25-  
May 13: Jacob Drachler

**CRESPI** (232 E. 58), May 7-26: The Cat and  
Dog  
**D'ARCY** (1091 Mad. at 82), May 2-28: Ar-  
chaic Sculpture from Three Continents

**DAVIS** (231 E. 60), May 10-28: American  
Landscapes

**DE AENLE** (59 W. 53), Apr. 25-May 14:  
15 Latin Americans; May 16-June 4: Spring  
Invitational

**DEITSCH** (1018 Mad. at 79), May 1-June  
11: Important New Acquisitions  
**DELAORIE** (822 Mad. at 69), May 9-31:  
Sculpture of the Twins-Yonuba Tribe

**DE NAGY** (24 E. 67), May 3-28: Jane  
Wilson  
**DOWNTOWN** (32 E. 51), May 10-June 4:  
Stuart Davis

**DUO** (1204 Lex. at 82), Apr. 26-May 21:  
J. Feldman; May 9-21: Group; May 21-  
June 11: George N. Preston

**DURLACHER** (11 E. 57), Apr. 26-May 21:  
Friedrich Fuchs  
**DUVEEN** (18 E. 79), May: Cranach Loan  
Exhibition

**EGGLESTON** (969 Mad. at 76), May 1-  
30: Contemporary Group  
**EMMERICH** (17 E. 64), Apr. 25-May 21:  
Miriam Schapiro

**EN BAS** (1100 Mad. at 83), Apr. 26-May  
17: J. Fischer; May 15-31: Li Hedley  
**ESTE** (32 E. 65), Apr. 15-May 31: Master  
Drawings of Five Centuries

**F.A.R.** (746 Mad. at 65), May 2-14: H.  
Harro; May 16-June 3: F. Matsuda  
**FEIGL** (601 Mad. at 57), May 17-31: Fred  
Zimmerman

**FEINGARTEN** (1018 Mad. at 78), May 3-21:  
Claude Bentley  
**FINDLAY** (11 E. 57), May: 19th & 20th  
Century French Masters

**FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES** (41 E. 57), Apr.  
26-May 14: James Wines  
**FLEISCHMAN** (84 E. 10), Apr. 24-May 13:  
Ward Jackson; May 15-31: J. Rosenblum

**FRENCH & CO.** (978 Mad. at 76), Apr. 20-  
May 14: J. Olitski; May 18-June 11: W.  
Hallegha

**FRIED** (40 E. 68), Apr. 18-May 7: J.  
Kearan; May 9-28: L. Lewitt  
**FRUMKIN** (32 E. 57), Apr. 11-May 14: J.  
Gato; from May 16: Invitational

**FULTON ST.** (61 Fulton St.), May: Antonio  
Toribio  
**FURMAN** (46 E. 80), May: African and Pre-  
Columbian New Acquisitions

**G GALLERY** (200 E. 59), Apr. 26-May 14:  
W. Hahn; May 17-June 4: J. Kearns, O.  
Newman, G. McLaughlin

**GRAHAM** (1014 Mad. at 78), May 10-June  
4: Richard Miller  
**J. GRAHAM** (1014 Mad. at 78), Apr. 5-May  
7: Sarah Berman

**GRAND CENTRAL** (40 Vanderbilt at 43),  
May 3-14: L. Seyffert; May 10-20: Elliott  
Means

**GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS** (1018 Mad.  
at 79), Apr. 30-May 19: R. Twigg; May 22-  
June 13: S. Freiberg

**GREAT JONES** (5 Great Jones), May 3-22:  
P. Forakiss, P. Kim, E. Ruda, M. Spoeri  
**HAMMER** (51 E. 57), May 10-21: P. Noyer

**HARTERT** (22 E. 58), May: American and  
French Paintings  
**HELLER** (63 E. 57), Apr. 19-May 14: E.  
Chavez; May 17-June 4: F. Martin

**HERBERT** (14 E. 69), Apr. 25-May 21: D.  
Chernin  
**HICKS STREET** (48 Hicks St.), Apr. 24-May  
14: Members of the Creative Graphic Work-  
shop; May 15-June 4: Olga Rosenson

**HIRSCHL & ADLER** (21 E. 67), May 10-31:  
Lilian MacKendrick  
**HUTTON** (41 E. 57), Apr. 25-May 31: Hans  
Jaenisch; from May 23: Seff Weidl

**INTERNATIONAL ART** (55 W. 56), May 3-  
13: Group; May 14-26: Z. Schmaya; May  
27-June 7: Group

**INTERNATIONALE** (1095 Mad. at 82), May  
3-31: Jean Peske  
**IOLAS** (123 E. 55), Apr. 19-May 9: Takis;  
Apr. 20-May 10: Nissim

**ISAACSON** (22 E. 66), Apr. 26-May 14:  
Daniel Maloney; May 16-June 30: Group  
**JACKSON** (32 E. 69), Apr. 23-May 21: W.  
Ting; May 10-June 11: Paul Jenkins

**JAMES** (70 E. 12), Apr. 22-May 12: Nieves  
Billmyer; May 13-June 12: 8th Annual In-  
vitational

**JANIS** (15 E. 57), Apr. 25-May 21: Picasso;  
May 22-June 11: Kerneny  
**JUDSON** (239 Thompson St.), May 6-27: M.  
Ratiff, T. Wesselman

**JUSTER** (154 E. 79), May 9-31: Group  
**KENNEDY** (13 E. 58), May: J. L. Gray; A.  
Jannau; Old Master Prints

**KNOEDLER** (14 E. 57), Apr. 13-May 14:  
Colin Collection; May 17-June 3: Lordera  
**KOOTZ** (655 Mad. at 60), May 10-28: Ar-  
merican and European Painting and Sculpture

**KOTTLER** (3 E. 65), May 2-14: 6 Man Show;  
May 16-28: 6 Man Show  
**KRASNER** (1061 Mad. at 81), May 2-14:  
Chet La More

**KRAUSHAAR** (1055 Mad. at 80), Apr. 25-  
May 14: John Guerin; May 19-June 18:  
Drawings and Small Sculptures by Ameri-  
cans

**LANDRY** (712 5th at 56), May: Trajan  
**LOEB** (12 E. 57), May: School of Paris  
**LOVISOLO** (167 E. 37), May 2-28: Group  
of 11

**MARCH** (95 E. 10), Apr. 22-May 10: D.  
Ireland; May 13-June 2: R. Armento, B.  
Lurie; June 3-16: Invitational

**MATISSE** (41 E. 57), from May 10: Group  
**MAYER** (762 Mad. at 65), Apr. 25-May 14:  
Lila Katzen

**MELTZER** (38 W. 57), May 10-June 4: Frank  
Wilbert Stokes  
**MI CHOU** (36 W. 56), Apr. 26-May 21:  
Tsou Lin Tehng

**MIDTOWN** (17 E. 57), Apr. 26-May 21:  
Isabel Bishop

**MILCH** (21 E. 67), Apr. 25-May 14: G.  
Gluckmann; May 16-29: Group

**MILLS** (66 5th at 13), Apr. 11-May 13:  
H. Gerber; May 16-June 3: Student Exhi-  
bition

**MONROE** (929 Mad. at 74), Apr. 25-May  
31: Group  
**MORRIS** (174 Waverly Pl.), May 4-21:  
Veda Reed

**NESSLER** (718 Mad. at 64), May 9-28:  
Etienne Ret  
**NEW** (50 E. 78), May: American & Euro-  
pean Paintings

**NEW ART CENTER** (1193 Lex. at 81), Apr.  
18-May 20: Mexican Painters  
**NEWHOUSE** (15 E. 57), Paintings from the  
Gallery's Collection

**N.Y.U. BELLEVUE MEDICAL CENTER** (550  
1st), May 3-13: 7th Annual Art Exhibit  
**NONAGON** (99 2nd at 6), Apr. 22-May  
10: J. Davis, W. Littlefield; May 13-June  
5: Spring Invitational

**NORDNESS** (831 Mad. at 69), May 3-21:  
Milton Hebold, Sculpture for Idlewild  
**PANORAS** (62 W. 56), May 2-14: A. Wal-  
ker; May 16-28: B. Begman, B. Greenberg;

May 30-June 11: S. Pastukhiv  
**PARIS** (126 E. 56), May 9-28: Loreuse  
**PARMA** (1111 Lex. at 77), May 3-21: R.  
Kulicke; May 24-June 11: Group

**PARSONS** (15 E. 57), Apr. 25-May 14:  
Lyman Kipp; May 16-June 4: P. Feeley  
**PERIDOT** (820 Mad. at 68), May 2-28:  
American Still Life Painting Today

**PERLS** (1016 Mad. at 78), Apr. 19-May 27:  
Modern Masters  
**PHOENIX** (40 3rd at 10), Apr. 29-May 19:  
West



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